

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Of winter evenings men may be found grouped on long benches in the bar-room of the country hotel, or on chairs, boxes and counters around the stove in the small store that exists at almost every point where two well traveled roads cross, noisily and positively asserting that cities are the curse of the world, that farmers feed them all and that only "producers" should be allowed to live. It is in the bar-room that these corn-fed philosophers reach the most sweeping conclusions, beer producing a warmer rhetoric and a more pitiless logic than biscuits and cheese can do. The editor of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, however, is not usually content with crude principles; as a philosopher he is not in the caterpillar stage, and so it is surprising to see him write as follows: "Toronto, indeed, is a vast aggregate of unprincipled dead-heads who produce nothing, who give nothing in exchange for what they consume, and who are merely leeches sucking the blood of the laboring classes." The corn-fed philosopher, inspired by his tenth glass of beer, would only add that as the laboring classes in Toronto make a living by building homes and creating luxuries for the deadheads who fobble money from rural Ontario, they, too, are leeches, and not a man in the city should escape the day of reckoning. "Sniff" excited himself into making the statement quoted by contemplating Mr. Caldecott's appeal to the Legislature to suppress the manufacture of lawyers—Toronto having six hundred and eleven of them, five hundred of which number could not obtain an honest living and so incited people to litigation and generally menaced the community. "Sniff" says: "As they produce nothing they can give nothing in return for what they consume. Every dinner they eat is a dinner stolen." It must be conjectured that this hard winter, with snow-blocked roads, has deprived "Sniff" of his usual intellectual nourishment and left him to be a convert of the Bobcaygeon debating school. Toronto will send a regiment of summer tourists to reason with him when the hot weather comes in, however.

It cannot be denied that in every large city there is a percentage of the population that lives by plundering upon the results of other men's labor and enterprise. They are brigands as truly as ever were the men who waylaid travelers in the mountains of Europe, yet so complex is modern society that these men cannot be identified with any certainty. We know that there are men who wolf upon their kind, out if we judge guilty only those who are convicted, we have very few among us; if we judge guilty all those who "produce nothing" in the gross sense in which the term is used, then the biggest and best part of the human race is guilty, and the fault lies, not with the individuals, but with those institutions which have been growing since the creation, and which owe their origin, not to laziness, but to enterprise, love of improvement and increase of knowledge.

A philosopher should not lie face downwards upon the ground to take observations of life. Prostrate and face-down he can see very little worth seeing, for while in a rude state of society every man would necessarily be a producer, yet one has but to imagine what sort of a world this would now be if every man since the beginning had been a producer according to the ideas of his friends and neighbors, in order to see how untenable is the argument that every man steals a dinner who does not give corn or wheat, a plow-point, or a bunch of shingles for it. The man who first began melting funny-looking rocks and pounding the resulting metal into useful shapes was no doubt the disgrace of his father because he would not plow the fields with the limb of a tree. The man who first ventured on deep waters and beyond sight of land, was no doubt regarded as a shiftless rover, a vagrant and water-wolf, and not a producer, yet from his adventure has come a commerce that makes the population of the earth one people. Columbus was laughed at because, not content with doing a coast trade in meal, wines and cloth, he must needs persist in a wild voyage. Men who were not producers, in the bar-room acceptance of the term, have given us, since Queen Victoria ascended the throne, a thousand marvelous inventions that have completely revolutionized life even in the remotest backwoods of Canada.

We must remember that our preachers are not producers, yet are very necessary; nor are teachers, although these two professions represent almost everything that exalts man above the lower animals. There may be—there certainly are—too many lawyers, yet even lawyers are necessary to define and preserve the rights

of individuals. The time may come when, peopled to excess, Great Britain may not grow a blade of grass for any purpose but ornament, nor an ear of corn, nor a potato, nor a head of barley for any purpose but the amusement of some fancy gardener, the kingdom being the crowded manufacturing center for the whole earth, yet lawyers will be a necessity, incalculably greater than now. And every meal the lawyers eat then, as now, will not necessarily be a stolen meal.

It would be unwise to attempt to follow the countless ramifications of this subject, but it is one that is well worth sitting down and thinking upon, for it has many sides.

Man, however, is not so badly off as he might be, although there are middlemen to no end, and although, to use a paradox, the tea we use nourishes a hundred people before it nourishes one. It must ever be regarded as a singular blessing that man is not a fur-bearing animal nor possessed of a hide useful in any of the handicrafts, else the poor would have a real grievance. Up in Grey county a man left a sick cow in the woods one evening last week, and upon returning in the morning found that someone had visited the patient in the night, killed it and made off with its hide. I am moved to remark that this would be a pretty bad world to travel in at night if men's

His crimes made him infamous, however, and while the press may have rendered the cause of justice some aid by publishing full particulars of the man and his movements while the detectives were working up evidence against him, yet once he has been found guilty, and especially now that he has been sentenced to death, surely the reading public of this city has no further interest in the wretch. As in such cases always, daily bulletins may be expected to issue from the jail very soon, stating how the brute slept, what he said, what he ate, who prayed with him, who sent him flowers. It is a pity that public opinion in this city has not some recognized means of expressing its desires to the daily press, for if the people could speak they would certainly pray to escape the nauseating details of the last days of that repulsive person. Ninety per cent. of the people do not want to read such stuff, and they do not want the other ten per cent. to read it. It is very hard for ignorant men to discriminate between fame and infamy, since the daily press devotes more space to the words of the criminal than to those of the greatest of sages, and follows more minutely the movements within his little cell than those in any other room on earth. No really sound intellect can defend the newspaper that will disseminate useless tales of horror, or use its columns to excite interest in an utterly repellent and inhuman

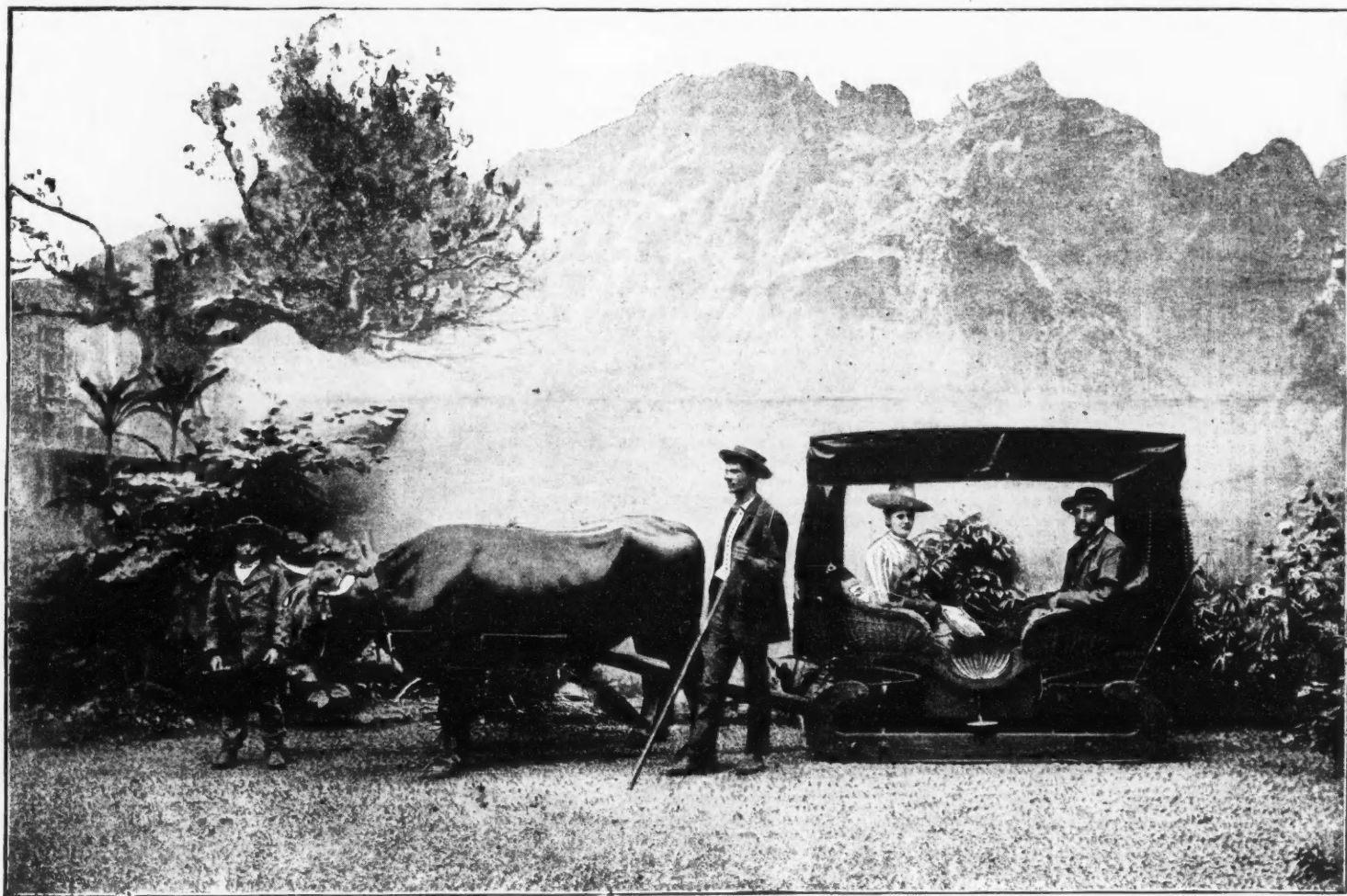
quire that sound business principles should govern it. Free postage has caused all sorts of advertising sheets to spring into existence. Many of these sheets are printed in Toronto but not circulated here, because postage would have to be paid within the city, but they are sent broadcast throughout the provinces. Little papers are springing up throughout the country in places where no paper has any right to exist—papers with patent sides, and only a column or two of local matter printed from type that should have been thrown into the melting-pot years ago—papers so tottering in fortune, so weak in capital, that a postal rate of a cent per pound would overturn them. Such papers have no right to exist. The *Herald* says that if the city papers think they can put an end to country weeklies they are deceiving themselves. It seems to me that the country papers of the smaller kind seem determined to put an end to themselves. It is almost as easy to start a country weekly as it is to start a village candy store, and a village that can support only one barber shop is thought to present a field for two papers. Typographically some of the sheets that are issued are abominations, while editorially they consist of factory-made stuff from the city and a few local squibs. It does not seem to occur to one of these editors that a paper published in Toronto or Kalamazoo is just as local as his own except

couldn't afford to go to school because his pay was the only money coming into the house this winter, his father having been unable to find work since last fall. This is probably not an unusual case, and there are no doubt hundreds of families in this city subsisting upon the earnings of boys and girls, while the fathers seek in vain for something to do and prowl about in a state of sullen if undeclared rebellion against the world as they find it. The Boy and the Girl are in demand while the Strong Man is not. In the running of light machines, where skill is of more account than strength; in the very many lines of work having to do with electricity; in offices, packing-rooms, stores, in fact in the majority of places, the Man is not needed and the Man's pay is begrudged. If a girl will not do a stout boy will, and when the boy gets too stout and entitled to too much pay he is required to make way for another beginner at the work. This new condition is nowhere so marked as in those places where electricity is being handled—you find a boy foreman over boys, boy experts solving the deepest riddles. It begins to appear as if nothing now remained for old men but the Premiership and the Senate House.

General Booth appears to resemble an old man who, with able sons assisting him in business, manages to keep them running his errands for a long time in hope of finally being rewarded for their years of devotion, but finally provokes them too far and sees them desert him. The General has been a hard master, and at no time since his army became wide-spread about the earth has he shown tolerance for the opinions and feelings of others. When he came to Canada he put on more airs than any man who ever came here, save and except one W. T. Stead, a privileged person. The General, when here, condescended to invite me, along with other newspaper men, to interview him. He sent word ahead that he would require us all to line up at a certain time and he would reveal himself to us. Then he was too tired to see us at the time arranged and a postponement was made; and this second tryst was of no avail, since he was asleep at the appointed hour. I suppose he court-martialed somebody for admitting that he was so weakly human as to ever sleep, but cannot say very much about it, for, not holding it as an essential of salvation that I should see him at all, I merely sat in the office and smoked while his wild-eyed *aides-de-camp* flew back and forth saying when I could or couldn't see him. He proved himself in every way a very arrogant and hard old man on his last visit to Canada, ruling by fear and not love, as he used to do when he built up the great Army that he seems destined, in his old age, to destroy.

The General's son probably thinks he is old enough to be a great man himself. He has observed how easily it can be done. In a lifetime he could not possibly have found a better opportunity for rebelling against his father and British Headquarters, the Republic from one end to the other being anxious to say or do something nasty to Great Britain. Booth, jr., is a promising lad. He probably objects, not so much to autocratic rule as to the fact that another person is autocrat. He purposes preaching an Americanized version of salvation, it would seem. His organization is to be patriotic, formed on the lines of the United States army, and with Monroe added to the calendar of the saints. He is encouraged to believe that his venture will succeed.

Crispi, who was induced to re-enter public life in Italy not long ago, in order to "save the kingdom," and was hailed with great acclaim, has found it necessary to resign the premiership because the army suffered defeat in Abyssinia. A portrait of Crispi is given on the second page of this paper, and, in public life or in retirement, he is now and will continue to be rated as the Italian statesman of this generation. It is very hard that an old man should be swallowed up in political adversity and his end made bitter by misrepresentation, but it happens now and then. The Italians did not understand that Menekles was something of a general and that his soldiers were armed with modern rifles, and so General Baratieri and his inadequate army were out-generated, outnumbered and almost annihilated. The statement is made that the discomfited general is to be summoned to Rome and court-martialed, which recalls to mind the fact that the generals of ancient Rome were allowed to lead armies wherever they liked, and if they won were, on their return, given "a Roman Triumph," but if they suffered defeat were seized, brought back in chains and executed



Traveling by Ox Cart in Madeira.

pelts were worth two dollars apiece.

Mr. Long, of the British Board of Agriculture, who may almost be described as the one English public man who is unpopular in the Colonies, got a rather severe poke in the ribs from Dr. Tanner, the Irishman, when the exclusion of Canadian cattle was last under discussion. The doctor said he could not help smiling when he remembered that the cattle slaughtered at Deptford were mostly employed as beef for the Royal Navy. Can it be possible that the recent discovery of pleuro-pneumonia in a shipment of Canadian cattle was due to the necessity of filling the larders of that Flying Squadron? I think I speak for all Canadians, save a few paltry cattle-men, when I say that it is not the loss of the beef that hurts us, but the failure of the mother of nations to confide in her dear daughter that she was a little short of fresh meat, with no foreign cattle in quarantine, so that ours had to be "diseased" to meet the occasion. When once these trifling sweets are practiced there is an end to that deceit confidence which exists in a happy family. Our Department of Agriculture, which has seemed quite dazed while this unfamiliar agricultural question has been on the boards, will now immediately be at home with a question implicating, according to Dr. Tanner, the old flag, the Royal Navy and other people's cattle.

A most atrocious villain is in jail at Philadelphia awaiting execution. He has yet almost two months to live. He is not a nice person to think about. Since boyhood he has been an evil person to meet; he has committed nearly every crime that a coward dare undertake, for his victims all were women and children, except one, and he a drunken and drugged man. By ordinary means this person could not have attracted any attention in the world, being possessed of no talent or grace of any sort.

creature, or publish the impressions of the reporter who follows a condemned murderer in his last moments down into the very smoke, and sulphur, and heat, and noise of hades.

At the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association the right of free postage accorded newspapers was discussed, and it was decided to recommend to the Postmaster General that new papers should be required to pay postage for one year, the money to be refunded at the end of that time if the paper proved to be a legitimate newspaper. A legitimate newspaper was defined as one that was not supplied free to its readers, or, to put it more plausibly, it was urged that the privilege of free postage should not be granted to papers that had no market value. That sounds reasonable enough. Why should the country lose money on its postal service, carrying immense bundles of papers that are perhaps being forced upon those to whom they are addressed—papers that are not valued, not read or opened up at all?

But why not go further? There never was, and there is not now, any reason why newspapers should be carried free through the mails. The *Thorburn Herald* puts into words the feelings of many country editors who think that the movement on foot for re-imposing postage upon newspapers is a dark conspiracy on the part of big city papers to smother country weeklies. "We consider it a shallow and narrow-minded demand on the part of the large dailies and one which the local press will almost unanimously fight hard against," says the *Herald*. It is to be regretted that every editor and publisher in Canada does not attend the meetings of the Canadian Press Association where such matters are discussed, for a thorough discussion of this question of free postage convinces nearly all editors that the best interests of the newspaper business re-

for the column or two that redeem his sheet by referring to local matters. And sometimes one of these local papers, containing only about four columns of home-set matter, will devote two of them to re-setting a story of the war in Abyssinia, or Jameson's raid, or a flood in China. To cap this policy of madness the editor arranges with one of the city dailies a clubbing scheme, whereby he throws in the city paper to every subscriber for little more than the price of his own. Once tangled up in this net he will find it hard to escape, for should he refuse to club eventually, he will discover that with free postage the biggest of the city dailies can send its weekly edition straight to the farmers for fifty, or even forty cents a year.

It is a mistake to say that anything can be carried free by mail. The cost of carriage remains the same whether the editor escapes or not. If papers are not charged for, letters have to pay more than they should, as the revenue must equal the expenditure in some way. While newspapers accept a sop thrown to them in this way they cannot consistently condemn many things that are wrong in the state, and the self-respecting attitude of the press is to favor the surrender of a favor that does injustice to the public at large—an attitude made comparatively easy by the demoralization which the favor has wrought.

A boy called at a workshop one day this week and applied for a situation, giving a reason not creditable to himself for being out of work. He was a little fellow, who rightly should have been going to school or playing truant, tumbling about in the snow, with the wind and the sunlight playing upon him, and never a worry but those which are common to boyhood. Yet he had a serious face and an air of experience, and when asked why he was not at school replied very matter-of-factly that he

or treason. General Baratieri will therefore, as he enters Rome for condemnation, console himself with the thought that many mighty warriors have preceded him.



A little over four years ago I was fortunate enough to witness a portion of the annual manoeuvres of the army of Northern Italy. Now that the Italian defeat in Abyssinia and the riots in Italy are attracting so much attention to the soldiery of that sunny land, a trifling reminiscence may be of some interest, illustrated by two or three little sketches which I brought home with me.

The day was a rainy, miserable one, and the evolutions were being carried on at great disadvantage. Still, a mass of Italian soldiery is an impressive body. Most of the men were small and not nearly as elaborately clad as our volunteers. The texture of the material worn is much lighter, and the contractor for the uniforms certainly had but little regard for a good fit. The commonest uniform is topped off by a high cap, from which depends a large bunch of feathers like the tail of a rooster, from which favorite bird they were doubtless plucked. These feathers hang partially over the face of the soldier and give him a rather ludicrous appearance as they flap about his swarthy visage. As a general rule the men are small, but their dark faces have a look of determination and a steadfast faith in fate. The majority of them, I am told, are fatalists to a greater or less extent, and fight with a bravery that equals that of any army in the world. What detracts from their tractability is a tendency to superstition and a belief in omens. On account of this, detachments of Italian troops have been known to do extraordinary things which could not be accounted for by any lack of personal courage, for no one charges the Italian soldier with being a coward.

The best-looking of the commoner troops that I saw were about Genoa and Milan, but in Florence there were some splendid grenadiers, large of stature and splendidly dressed. They are much more scantily fed than Tommy Atkins and not by half so well equipped, but they are capable of long marches and great endurance, as a rule, and are well trained.

When I saw those mud-bedraggled and rain-soaked columns at their manoeuvres, I felt sorry for the weary-looking fellows, with their dark appealing eyes and quick nervous movements. When I heard of the reverses in Abyssinia, the bloody battles and stampedes, I thought of them again and wondered whether some of the same men who marched and counter-marched, preparing for war, have not since fallen in real combat, and I think with a shudder of their faces uplifted to the African sky, sheltered by nothing but those bunches of feathers from the hot sun and the birds of prey.

Social and Personal.

HE Brownies have been the sensation of the week, and old and young have enjoyed them thoroughly. Mr. Palmer Cox may take off his hat to Toronto, for here he has found honor in his own country. Whole carloads of Toronto Brownies have hastened down to the Grand, speechless with anticipation, and babies have stayed up until unheeded hours, gabbling about the delights of the show. One Rosedale mite, whose mummy deliberated upon her power of keeping awake for an evening performance, thus floored her: "If I could sit up to help in the Mother Goose, I can sit up for this." And sit she did, with a boxful of others, on Tuesday evening. The Wednesday matinee was a sight to behold, and this afternoon's performance will no doubt equal it. The fathers and mothers, and their babies, came in shoals, and some of the prettiest little creatures imaginable trotted along Adelaide street at two o'clock, for Toronto starts quite early in the production of pretty girls. Mr. Palmer Cox left town for Montreal and Ottawa on Wednesday morning.

Miss Beverley Robinson, assisted by Miss Evelyn Hart, solo violinist, and Miss Ada E. S. Hart, solo pianist, will go on a short tour next week, singing in Ottawa on March 26 and

in Peterboro' and Lindsay on the following nights. The appearance of these three accomplished and charming artists is creating much expectation in society at the Capital, where the ladies have many friends.

The annual smoking concert of the St. George's Society, which was held last Monday evening in their hall, Elm street, was a success in every sense of the word. The numbers on the programme were loudly applauded.

The Ramblers' Bicycle Club intend holding their annual smoker in St. George's Hall next Monday evening. A most enjoyable time is expected by the cyclists, for there are some good numbers on the programme.

Mr. Edward Blake is en route from Australia to England. Mrs. Blake will join him there the first of next month. Mrs. Cronyn of London is expected down on a short visit to bid good-bye to Mrs. Blake next week.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay is arranging to give a costume recital on March 26 in St. George's Hall, which promises to be an event of interest to society. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are to be present, and the affair is under their patronage. The officers of the Highland regiment are interesting themselves to make it a marked success. Miss Ramsay recently gave this programme in New York. Her support has not yet been arranged, but some one of Toronto's best artists will probably be associated.

Miss Heneker of Sherbrooke and Mr. H. M. Lake of Selwyn College, Cambridge, Eng., are guests of Rev. C. J. and Mrs. Boulden of Gerard street east.

Miss Gussie Wilson of Picton has been visiting her friend, Miss Gertie Bongard of Gould street, during the last two months. Miss Wilson intended returning home on Monday, but has decided to prolong her visit another week.

At Maple Grove, Uxbridge, the residence of Mr. I. J. Gould, Misses A. and L. Gould gave a very pleasant At Home on Tuesday evening last in honor of their cousin, Miss Cockburn of Paris.

Mrs. J. C. Johnston of Drayton returned home on Tuesday after spending a few weeks in the city, the guest of Mrs. Boyd of Bleeker street.

Miss S. G. Thomson of Port Elgin recently returned from a trip to Vancouver, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. S. Johnston of Wood street.

Miss Cockburn, daughter of Rev. E. Cockburn of Paris, is visiting in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. W. S. Johnston of Wood street.

The woman who judiciously strews about her home plants in bloom and well cared for palms and ferns, lends a grace to the establishment which is truly refined. I went the other day into a modish mansion and came *vis-a-vis* to a glorious yellow laburnum in full bloom, filling the beautiful entry hall with delicate fragrance. Here and there were daffodils, like vagrant sunshine, and dainty ferns in perfect growth and vigor. Even had the *chateaufaine* been a plain woman, instead of the prettiest of her kind, her careful and liberal use of lovely flowers in her home would have surrounded her with an atmosphere of subtle charm. On Easter day and the ensuing week, every person above poverty should have flowers in plenty in windows and rooms.

Mrs. Helliwell (*nee* Castle) and her baby son are with Mrs. James Crowther, and I hear the boy is a marvel of strength and beauty, traits which he can claim to have come by honestly.

I am glad to hear favorable accounts of Mr. George Blackstock's only son, to whose sick bed his mother was summoned a short while ago. Word came from Washington a few days since of his progress.

A very sweet girl who has been for some time visiting in Toronto is Miss Walton, the guest of Mrs. Adam Creelman, Queen's Park.

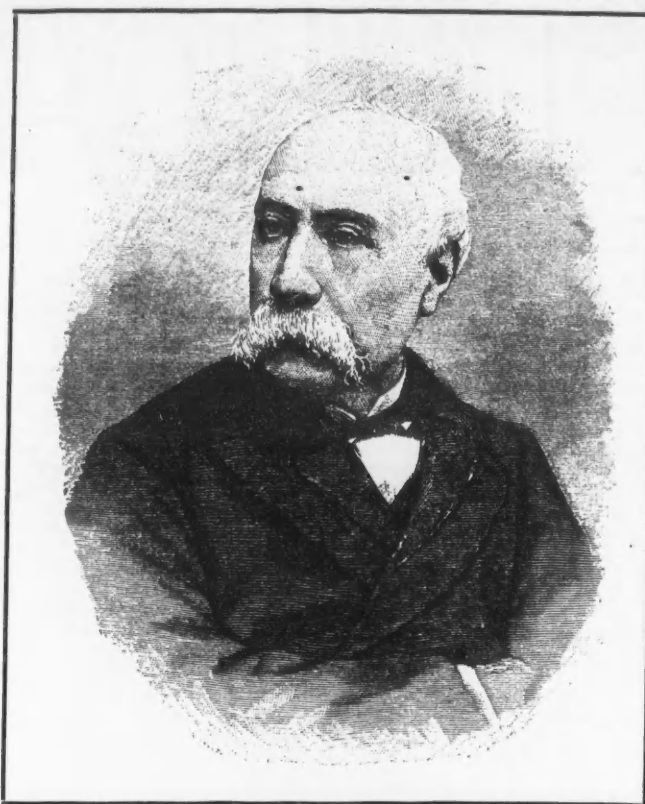
Several *trousseaux* are being prepared already for early summer brides, of whom I hear in numbers.

The outcome of a recent college tea was a proposal from an exceedingly juvenile suitor to a blushing bud among the not-outs. The maiden insisted on her stern parent being interviewed at once, but the young man demurred. "I love you awfully well," he said fervently. "I'd be quite willing to die for you any day, but I know I couldn't face your father; I'd cut and run." "Then," said the female baby, "you're a coward; I shall tell him myself," which she did after dinner one recent Saturday, and has not yet recovered from the dreadfully unkind things papa said of "Dear Charlie," nor from the threat he made as to his possible intentions regarding herself. The engagement is off.

Colonel Fred Denison's condition has not continued to improve and I believe he has suffered considerably, bearing his pain with the fortitude and patience of a true soldier.

Lieutenant Carter of Picton, brother of Mrs. Irwin of Willock street, is taking a course at Stanley Barracks, as is also Mr. Thrift Burnside.

Though snow and wind have ruled the roost during most of this week, yet Easter is drawing nigh, and Easter means various things, but one thing emphatically to the smart woman—a new gown and bonnet. The bonnets of to-day are mean delusions; they are toques, *capotes*, "any old thing," as the new slang has it, but they take just as much buying as did the antique coal-scuttles of our grandmothers. And then the society woman has her dressmaker to look after, and that takes a deal of time too. Carriages which one never sees on King street of an afternoon, save crossing it at Simcoe for the Government House reception or some Thursday calls, may be seen often these days for hours here or there in front of some smart shop. The women are inside being fitted; pursing their lips and shaking their heads over Easter bonnets; deciding on the cut and fashion of Rice gowns and stunning get-up



Crispi, the Italian Statesman.

for the Horse Show the middle of April. And meanwhile visits are neglected, and teas overlooked, and coachmen congealed.

The reception given by Mrs. Dunnet of Huntley street on Saturday was a very pleasant affair, though some regret perforce entered into the happiness of those who attended, as the reception meant bidding farewell for a couple of years to Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and her children. The parlors and dining-room were beautifully decorated with palms and daffodils; the buffet was prettily arranged in yellow. D'Alessandro's musicians played some very sweet selections during the reception, and Williams served a very dainty buffet.

English people of the old school find themselves in need of complete reconstruction in social matters when they tackle Toronto society. An old English lady whose ideas of what-is-what are very conservative, was going over her cardbasket in company with a confidential Toronto friend. "The ———," said she. "Are there several families of that name here?" "Yes; what's the address?" enquired the Toronto woman. "Let me see—there are the ———-s, and there's a family of that name on ——— street. I think that is all I know." "Then," said the Englishwoman, in a tone of deep amazement, "it must have been the grocer who called!" The Toronto lady was so tickled at her tone and look that she couldn't refrain from repeating the joke, at which no one laughed louder than "the grocer" himself.

The late Col. Robert Taylor, father of Henry A. Taylor, merchant tailor of this city, whose death was recorded last week, is described by the *Chicago Post* as a man who went unscathed through thirty-two battles, in the Mexican and the Civil War. Col. Taylor resided for many years in Toronto after the war, and only removed to Chicago in 1890, whereupon, in recognition of his services to the country, he was appointed Superintendent of the West Division post office. Colonel Taylor did skirmishing work in the early part of the Mexican war, but participated in all the battles and marched with the army into the City of Mexico. At the



The late Col. Robert Taylor.

breaking out of the Civil War he joined with others in organizing the Thirty-third regiment of New York volunteers, in which he was commissioned colonel. His regiment was under the division of General McClellan, and he fought in the battles of Gettysburg, Bull Run, Seven Pines and many others. Before the close of the war he was commissioned by President Lincoln to return to Rochester and organize another regiment and take it to the front. He organized the First New York Veteran Cavalry, but got to the front just in time to hear peace declared.

Notice of the death of Major Charles Jones, youngest son of the late Justice Jones, which took place on March 7 in Algiers, has been cabled out. Major Jones was formerly in the Royal Artillery and has numerous relatives hereabouts.

Professor Bedford Jones was a tea-dispensing host at old Trinity last Saturday afternoon; in fact, there were a dozen teas going on at five o'clock in College, and many of the fair guests remained for chapel at six. Lady Gzowski's reception will probably hurry off several to-day who would otherwise linger for the cup that cheers. There isn't more scorn, combined with tolerance, than one may hear in the tone of the

student who is not "in it" when he mentions these little hospitalities.

A progressive euchre party was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodley, at their home, 85 Baldwin street, on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cadow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Home, Mr. and Mrs. N. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Donagh, Mr. and Mrs. W. Donagh, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Chanter, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bewley, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Loveys, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Donielle, and Mr., Mrs. and Miss J. Oliver. After a very pleasant evening's entertainment the prize winners were Mr. W. Donagh and Mrs. Martin.

This has been a week of east winds, and consequently of red noses. I heard a woman pathetically announce the other day that her nose got red on the first of October and stayed of the same complexion until June. This struck me as rather an extreme affliction, for a red nose is not beautiful, and I often wonder at the temerity of some of our smart dames, who brave wind, red noses and chapped lips by sauntering forth on business or pleasure unveiled. The French *mondaine* will not for worlds so expose herself, nor would she risk the memory of some captious friend who might see her with a veritable brandy blossom on the tip of her dainty nasal organ. Not even an open carriage is for that feminine fascinator "when the frost is on the vine," consequently the amazing red noses I have seen this week in all their crude tints are never belonging to the knowing Frenchwoman. The only remedy for such an eyesore is a thick veil, which fortunately is the vogue just now. In a white chiffon veil, you may be handsome or homely; no one will find it out. Your nose may be as red as a rose and redder, and the afflicting tints are a dead secret.

The conductors on the late afternoon cars are just as anxious that the company should provide seats for all the passengers as are the people themselves. The spectacle of a small fat conductor winking his way past muffs, under sleeves, and through masses of wabbling humanity in search of fares, is quite a circus. And no sooner does he struggle back to the platform than some wretched wayfarer wedges himself in at the front door, and he begins all over again what I heard a well known songstress describe as "his may-pole dance," and watching its devious windings I found the name fitting.

Mr. Alfred Denison has returned home quite well after five weeks' careful nursing in Grace Hospital. Miss Helen Christie has gone there for a long rest and nursing, and is very comfortable in a bright and flower-decked apartment. There is no suggestion of a hospital in these cosy wards.

The various cooking class lectures are most interesting this year. On Wednesday a demonstration lecture on the way to make Everton toffee, creams of various sorts and other saccharine *delices* proved of great interest.

Last Wednesday afternoon the young ladies of the senior forms of Harbord street Collegiate held a reception in the College Assembly Hall, from four to seven, to which the teachers and the young gentlemen of the fifth and sixth forms were invited. The last number on the concert programme was a selection by a band, composed of a score of the young ladies, under the direction of Miss Maude Peake, imitating the concert band of Sousa. They played exceedingly well. The rest of the afternoon was spent in promenading.

We Carry in Stock a Full Line of...

TABLE and POCKET..

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Monsieur Le Simple, evidently being of some what the same mind in regard to his merit as his friends elsewhere.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne has gone to Lakewood with her little daughter, who has been quite ill for some weeks with bronchitis. I am told that the summer trip in contemplation by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will not extend to a voyage around the globe, but will be mainly confined to the British Isles.

Another death in one of Toronto's oldest families has been that of Lady Elizabeth Robinson, widow of Sir James Lukin Robinson, whose decease was recently chronicled. Lady Robinson was one of Toronto's pretty trio of old ladies, Mrs. Strachan and Mrs. Grasett having been the other two. Their refined and charming individuality was a breath of old-time fragrance on the rushing whirlwind of this hurrying and bustling age. Lady Robinson had reached the age of seventy-three, and was latterly somewhat of an invalid. She resided on Brunswick avenue. The funeral services took place from that residence to St. James' cemetery on Monday and were conducted by the Plymouth Brethren, of which lady Lady Robinson was a strict adherent.

Mrs. J. G. Grace has the sympathy of many friends in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Ross, who was, at the time of her decease, living with Mrs. Grace on Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Montreal came up and remained to accompany the remains to Montreal, where the interment took place. Mrs. Grace has been in Montreal for the past week. Miss Hugel has been on a visit with Mrs. Grace for some weeks.

On Wednesday evening, March 4, a very merry gathering was held at the home of Mr. G. O. Merson, 495 Euclid avenue. The occasion was a surprise party given to Mr. Merson on his recovery from a long and serious illness, by the staff of the Toronto General Trusts Company, with whom the guest of the evening has been associated for some years. Mr. A. D. Langmuir acted as chairman at the elaborate supper which was partaken of, and a goodly number of toasts, songs and speeches greatly enlivened the evening's programme.

One of the nicest affairs that have been held during the Lenten season was that of the Genesee Campers in the prettiest of halls, the St. George's. The decorations were very tastefully arranged and the management was all that could be desired. There were only fifty invitations issued, but nearly all were accepted and a very nice company were present as the result of Mr. Thomas Verner's untiring interest. Some of the dresses were exceedingly chic. Mrs. Hurst wore coral *broche* and black lace; Mrs. E. Verner looked charming in cream corded silk; Mrs. W. Verner was in a lustrous cream satin; Miss Gibson's gown was a perfect dream of soft white and satin, while Miss Blanche Hurst and Miss Batters were clad in pale blue cashmere; Miss Roman wore a very dainty gown of salmon satin with lace *applique*; Miss L. Roman was attired in soft Indian muslin, which became her exceedingly well; Miss Hurst's gown of cream cashmere with iridescent green velvet yoke and diamond star was very fetching. As this is the first affair that has been given by the Club, which was formed by the gentlemen campers at Pt. Cockburn last summer, they deserve great credit for its success.

Canon Sutherland's third lecture on Shakespeare's heroines was what a student called a "whitewash" of Lady Macbeth, that female whose name recalls impressions of ambitions and cruel scheming for power and position. The Canon, who is nothing if not chivalrous, presented a strong case for Lady Macbeth, and made willing converts. Mrs. Sutherland did not, as formerly, accompany the Canon on this afternoon sojourn in Toronto, as she was unfortunately laid up with a cold. After the lecture, which was attended by the usual smart throng, several teas were merrily carried out. Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson and Mr. Wadsworth joined forces in the top flat and had a very jolly tea in their quarters. Mr. Wilson's tea-pot cosy, an uncommonly dainty affair in violets and white linen, with violet silk, was much admired by the girls and envied by the boys. The tea-kettle, which was the very blackest and most abused utensil I ever encountered, was also subjected to many remarks and jeers. But at the College tea, when the water is boiled in a grate over a fire of soft coal, the pristine glory of copper does not long remain. The hosts were most successful and the tea was hot and strong. Professor and Mrs. Clark had a few friends to tea after the lecture, as also did Mr. Osborne and the Provost. Other rooms were open, and various hilarious sounds proceeding therefrom told of invading petticoats and merry souls of the feminine persuasion. One of the guests, a charming girl from Guelph, in a springlike tone of crocuses and violets, with a fresh young face below, was much admired at the special tea she graced. The *fiancées*, Dean Rigby and Miss Patterson, were overwhelmed with congratulations, and other less fortunate members of the *coterie* were laughingly advised to follow their good example.

The French Club will meet next Saturday at the residence of Mrs. R. L. Patterson, 9 Roxborough avenue. Mrs. Alfred Benjamin was the hostess last Saturday evening, and her beautiful home was the scene of a very successful reunion. A complete programme of music, readings and recitations was provided by the hostess, the most taking of which were a song



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AS the weeks roll on increased interest comes to our silk exhibition. It is a delight to visit the second floor of the store and observe the large number of ladies busily engaged each day taking advantage of our free lessons in Art Needlework, given under the direction of Miss Barrett, of the Ottawa Society of Decorative Arts, and her staff of trained teachers. It is safe to say that the homes of Toronto will, as the outcome of these free lessons, be made more beautiful and attractive. Everything partakes of the best—only the best materials. Brainerd & Armstrong's famous wash silks and Corticelli spool silks, the best in the world, are used. Hours of tuition—9 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Ask at the main floor for a copy of our little pamphlet on Silk Culture and Manufacture. You will be interested.

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by Mrs. Youngheart, a reading by Mlle. Palancon, and an exceedingly clever imitation of the mockingbird by Mr. George Maurice, by means of a very peculiar utensil, being neither more nor less than a coffee-pot, into the spout of which, *a la flute*, Mr. Maurice discourses various pretty trills and roulades. If anything, there was an *embarras de riches* in the programme provided, for the conversation club mainly depends for its *raison d'être* on chatter, and chatter was out of the question while people were reciting and singing. Mrs. Benjamin, who is a fine pianist and has a very fine piano, played a charming selection to open the programme. Supper was served about eleven o'clock at small tables, and everything was dainty in the extreme.

Mrs. Youngheart, *nee* Strauss, received at her rooms on Jarvis street on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and had many callers. The bride's reception-gown was a very smart heliotrope *faielle*, with shoulder revers of ruby velvet and a vest of *chiffon*. She was assisted by her sister and several pretty girl friends.

On Tuesday evening a reasonable sprinkling of that unreasonable leaven, called society, was at the Massey Hall to hear Joseffy, that wonderful little pianist who took the audience captive at his will. Without attempting a criticism it was the loveliest, daintiest concert I have heard for ages. One's mind seemed tuned to some sweet pitch at the beginning, and carried through in the most melodious and unvarying atmosphere of pleasure. The numbers were perfectly satisfying, and a well pleased and musically audience listened in delight. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fisher, Mrs. George T. Denison, Miss Mair, Mr. George Denison, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mr. H. Bourlier, Mr. Creelman, Mr. and Miss Bessie Hees, Miss Aileen Gooderham, of whom the east side is justly proud as the prettiest *debutante* of the season; Mr. Beatty, Miss Lee, Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Walker, Mrs. Miss and Mr. Harry Field, and nearly every musician of prominence in the city. Madame Joseffy came out into the hall from the green-room for her husband's numbers, and among the orchestra was a very pretty brunette lady harpist, whose pink frock made a bright spot in the desert of black coats. By the way, Palmer Cox must have caught sight of one of the horn players, for he has a Brownie who is a pocket edition of that personage.

Miss M. S. Ryan of Guelph, who has been the guest of Mrs. Adam Nelson, Rossin House, Toronto, for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Miss Ada Reynolds of Park House, Guelph, is staying a few days with Mrs. H. C. Smallpiece of Avenue road.

Mr. J. L. Campbell, registrar of Souris River county, Manitoba, and Mrs. Campbell, are the guests of Mrs. I. C. Gilmore, Jarvis street, for a few days.



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Estimates furnished for—
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The Better Test.

Pick-Me-Up.
Mamma—Johnnie, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye.
Johnnie—Yes; but ma, you should see the look in the other boy's eye.

In the theater—"Where is the author of this new piece?" "Right over there—that man who isn't hissing."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the older and wiser replied: "Quite true; but what we want is the Chief Justice on our side."

A Chicago alderman who was robbed of a valuable diamond pin during a session of the council does not know whether to suspect a member of the board or some outside thief.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A. (who has been inveigled into going shopping with his wife)—This stuff will make you a nice dress. Mrs. A.—Oh, nobody is wearing that now. A.—Then how will this suit? Mrs. A.—Oh, that won't do at all. Everybody's got something like that.

Mrs. Testy (looking up from newspaper)—Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married. Mr. Testy—Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over!



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Half-Bleached Huck, fringed, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 doz.
Bleached Huck and Diaper, white and colored borders, \$2, 2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.
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Huck, unbleached, 24 to 27 in. wide, at 16c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 25c yard.
Glass Toweling, 18 to 24 in., 5c to 20c. Roller Toweling, 18 to 24 in., 7c to 15c. Kitchen Toweling, 24 to 36 in., 10c to 20c.

TOWELS and TOWELING purchased through our Mail Order Department always please.

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Superior in flavor to any other. More wholesome than Salmon

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Gowns made during Lent that you may blossom forth like the spring-buds at Easter. To ensure perfection of fit, grace and style, be sure to wear the

Contour Corset

Also be particular that your dressmaker uses the non-corrosive, metal-tipped, securely stitched and fastened.

Which can always be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends or become detached.

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The hair can be washed and curled as before. By applying it once a month will keep it in perfect order. Guaranteed harmless.

We have private parlors for gray hair restoring, hair treatment; Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's Hair Dressing and Manicure Parlors.

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A HAIR SWITCH

Is something that 99 out of every 100 ladies require in order to dress the hair to suit the prevailing style. It is a simple thing to twist it in with your own and increase the bulk, or if you want it in puffs or rolls you can divide it, as it is made in separate strands. You can get them from \$1 to \$20, according to length and shade. Send for sample and prices will be sent you.



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TURKISH BATHS Best in Canada, steam heated. Ladies single bath 75c., including hair dress, or 8 tickets for \$5. Gent's single bath 75c., or 8 tickets for \$5; between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c.

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CHAPTER XVI. THE MOTIVE—MURDER.

For Lady Fareham and her sister, September and October made a blank interval in the story of life—uneventful as the empty page at the end of a chapter. They spent those months at Fareham, a house which Hyacinth detested, a neighborhood where she had never condescended to make friends. She condemned the local gentry as a collection of nobodies, and had never taken the trouble to please the three or four great families within a twenty-mile drive, because, though they had rank and consequence, they had not fashion. The *haut gout* of Paris and London was wanting to them.

Lord Fareham had insisted upon leaving London on the 3rd of September, and had, his wife declared out of pure malignity, taken his family to Fareham, a place she hated, rather than to Chilton, a place she loved, at least as much as any civilized mortal could love the country. Never, Hyacinth protested, had her husband been so sullen and ferocious.

"He is not like an angry man," she told Angela, "but like a wounded lion; and yet, since your goodness took all the blame of my unlucky escapade upon your shoulders, and he knows nothing of De Malfort's insolent attempt to carry me off, I see no reason why he should have become such a gloomy savage."

She accepted her sister's sacrifice with an amiable lightness. How could it harm Angela to be thought to have run out at midnight for a frolic rendezvous? The maids of honor had some such adventure half a dozen times in a season, and were found out, and laughed at, and laughed again, and wound up their tempestuous career by marrying great noblemen.

"If you can but get yourself talked about, you may marry as high as you choose," she told her sister.

Early in November they went back to London, and though all Hyacinth's fine people protested that the town stank of burnt wood, smoked oil, and rosin, and was altogether odious, they rejoiced not the less to be back again. Lady Fareham plunged with renewed eagerness into the whirlpool of pleasure, and tried to drag Angela with her; but it was a surprise to both, and to one a cause for uneasiness, when his lordship began to show himself in scenes which he had for the most part avoided as well as reviled. For some unexplained reason he became now a frequent attendant at the evening festivities at Whitehall, and without even the pretense of being interested or amused there.

Fareham's reappearance at Court caused more surprise than pleasure in that brilliant circle. The statue of the Commandante would scarcely have seemed a grimmer guest. He was there in the midst of laughter and delight, with never a smile upon his stern features. He was silent for the most part, or if he budged into talking by some of his more familiar acquaintances, would vent his spleen in a tirade that startled them as the pleasant chirpings of a poultry-yard are startled by the raid of a dog. They laughed at his conversation behind his back; but in his presence, under the angry light of those gray eyes, the gloom of those bent brows, they were chilled into submission and civility. He had a dignity which made his puritanical plainness more patrician than Rochester's fiery, more impressive than Buckingham's graceful splendor. The force and vigor of his countenance were more striking than Sedley's beauty. The eyes of strangers singled him out in that gay throng, and people wanted to know who he was, and what he had done for fame.

Charles treated him with chill civility. "Why does the man come here without his wife?" he asked De Malfort. "There is a sister, too, fresher and fairer than her ladyship. Why are we to have the shadow without the sun? Yet it is as well perhaps they keep away; for I have heard of a visit which was not returned—a condescension from a woman of the highest rank slighted by a trimpery baron's wife, and after an offence of that kind she could only have brought us trouble."

The incivility of Lady Fareham's in the matter of an unreturned visit had rankled deep in the bosom of the king's imperious mistress. To sin more boldly than woman ever sinned, and yet to claim all the privileges and honors due to virtue was but a trifling inconsistency in a mind so fortified by pride that it scarce knew how to reckon with shame. That she in her supremacy of beauty and splendor, a fortune sparkling in either ear, the price of a landed estate on her neck—that she, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, should have driven in a windowless coach through dusty lanes, eating dirt as it were, with her train of court gallants on horseback at her coach doors, her ladies in a carriage in the rear, to visit a person of Lady Fareham's petty quality, a Buckinghamshire knight's daughter married to a baron of Henry

the Eighth's creation! And that this amazing condescension—received with a smiling and curtsying civility—should have been unacknowledged by any reciprocal courtesy was an affront that could hardly be wiped out with blood. Indeed, it could never be atoned for. The wound was poisoned and would rankle and fester to the end of that proud life.

Yet on Fareham's appearance at Whitehall, Lady Castlemaine distinguished him with a marked civility, and even condescended, smilingly, as if there were no cause of quarrel, to enquire after his wife.

"Her ladyship is as pretty as ever, though we are all growing old," she said. "We exchanged curtsies at Tunbridge Wells the other day. I wonder how it is we never get further than smiles and curtsies? I should like to show the dear woman some more substantial civility. She is buried alive in your stately house by the river, for want of an influential friend to show her the world we live in."

"Indeed, madam, my wife has all the pleasure she desires—her visiting day, her tea-table, her friends."

"And her admirers. Rochester is always hanging about your garden, or landing from his wherry when I go by; or, if he himself be not visible, there are a couple of his watermen on your steps."

"My Lord Rochester has a precocious wit which amuses my wife and her sister."

"And then there is De Malfort—an impertinent, second only to Grammont. He and Lady Fareham are twin stars. I have seldom seen them apart."

"Since De Malfort has the honor of being somewhat intimate with your ladyship, he has doubtless given you full particulars of his friendship for my wife. I assure you it will bear being talked about. There are no secrets in it."

"Really; I thought I had heard something about a sedan which took the wrong road after Killigrew's play. But that was the night before the fire. Good God! my lord, your face darkens as if a man had struck you. Whatever happened before the fire should have been burnt out of our memories by this time."

"I see his Majesty looking this way, madam, and I have not yet paid my respects to him," Fareham said, moving away, but a dazzling hand on his sleeve arrested him.

"Oh, your respects will keep; he has Miss Stewart giggling at his elbow. Strange, is it not, that a woman with as much brain as a pigeon can amuse a man who reckons himself both wise and witty?"

"It is not the lady who amuses the gentleman, madam. She has the good sense to pretend that he amuses her."

"And no more understands a jest than she does Hebrew."

"She is conscious of pretty teeth and an enchanting smile. Wit or understanding would be superfluous," answered Fareham, and bowed his adieu to the Sultana in chief.

There was a great assembly, with music and dancing, on the Queen's birthday, to which Lord and Lady Fareham and Mistress Kirkland were invited; and again Angela saw and wondered at the splendid scene, and at this brilliant world, which calamity could not touch. Pestilence had ravaged the city, flames had devoured it—yet here there were only smiling people, gorgeous dress, incomparable jewels. The plague had not touched them, and the fire had not reached them. Such afflictions are for the common herd. Angela promenaded with De Malfort in the spacious banquetting-hall, with its ceiling of such prodigious height that the apotheosis of King James, and all the emblematical figures, triumphal cars, lions, bears and rams, corn-sheaves, and baskets of fruit, which filled the panels, might as well have been executed by a sign-painter's rough and ready brush, as by the pencil of the great Fleming.

"Can there be a scene more splendid?" asked Angela, pleased to keep him by her side, rather than see him devote himself to her sister; grateful for his attention in that crowd, where most people were strangers, and where Lord Fareham had not vouchsafed the slightest notice of her.

"When you have seen the Louvre, you will wonder that any king, with a sense of his own consequence in the world, can inhabit such a hovel as Whitehall—this congeries of shabby apartments, the offices of servants, the lodgings of followers and dependants, soldiers and civilians, huddled in a confused labyrinth of brick and stone—redeemed from squalor only by one fine room. Could you see the grand proportions, the colossal majesty of the great Henri's palace—that palace whose costly completion sat heavy upon Sully's careful soul! Henri loved to build—and his grandson, Louis, inherits that Augustan taste."

"You were telling us of the new palace at Versailles—"

"A royal city in stone—white—dazzling—grandiose. The mortar was scarcely dry when I was there in March; but you should have seen the *micromie* ball. The finest masquerade that was ever beheld in Europe. All Paris came in masks to see that magnificent spectacle. His Majesty allowed entrance to all—and those who came were feasted at a banquet which only Rabelais could fairly describe. And then with our splendor there is an elegant restraint—a decency unknown here. Compare these women—Lady Shrewsbury yonder, Lady Chesterfield, the fat woman in sea-green and silver—Lady Castlemaine, brazen in orange velvet and emeralds—compare them with Conde's sister,

with the Duchesse de Bouillon, the Princess Palatine—"

"Are those such good women?"

"Humph! They are ladies. These are the kind of women King Charles admires. They are as distinct a race as the dogs that lie in his bedchamber, and follow him in his walks, a species of his own creation. They do not even affect modesty. But I am turning preacher, like Fareham. Come, there is to be an entertainment in the theater. Roxalana has returned to the stage—and Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, is to perform."

They followed the crowd, and De Malfort remained at Angela's side till the end of the performance and attended her to the supper-room afterwards. Fareham watched them from his place in the background. He stood ever aloof from the royal focus, the beauty and the wit, the most dazzling jewels, the most splendid raiment. He was in the court, but not of it.

Yes; the passion which these two entertained for each other was patent to every eye; but had it been an honorable passion upon De Malfort's side, he would have declared himself before now. He would not have abandoned the field to such a sober suitor as Denzil. Henri de Malfort loved her, and she fed his passion with her sweetest smiles, the low and tender tones of the most musical voice Fareham had ever listened to.

"The voice that came to me in my desolation—the sweetest sound that ever fell on a dying man's ear," he thought, recalling those solitary days and nights in the plague year; recalling with a fond longing, "that arm which shows dazzling white against the purple velvet of his sleeve is the arm that held up my aching head in the dawn of returning reason; those eyes that reflect the laughter in his are the eyes that looked down upon mine, so sweetly serious, so deeply anxious for my recovery. Oh, lovely angel, I would be a leper again, a plague-stricken wretch, only to drink a cup of water from that dear hand—only to feel the touch of those light fingers on my forehead! There was a magic in that touch that surpassed the healing powers of kings. There was a light as of heaven in those benignant eyes. But, oh! she is changed since then. She is plague-stricken with the contagion of a profligate age. Her wings are scorched by the fire of this modish Tophet. She has been taught to dress and to look like the women around her—a little more modest—but after the same fashion. The nun I worshipped is no more."

Someone tapped him on the shoulder with an ostrich fan. He turned, and saw Lady Castlemaine close at his elbow. "Image of gloom, will you lead me to my rooms?" she asked in a curious voice, her dark blue eyes deepened by the pallor that showed through her rouge.

"I shall esteem myself too much honored by that office," he answered, as she took his arm, and moved quickly with hurried footsteps through the lessening throng.

"You will sup with me, Fareham?" she said, as he waited on the threshold of her lodgings, which were in a detached pile of buildings, near the Holbein Gateway, and looking upon an enclosed and somewhat gloomy garden.

"Your ladyship will excuse me. I am expected at home."

"What devil! Perhaps you think I am inviting you to a *tele-a-tele*. I shall have some company, though the drove have gone to the Stewart's, in a hope of getting asked to supper—which but a few of them can realize in her mean lodgings. You had better stay. I may have Buckhurst, Sedley, De Malfort, and a few more of the pretty fellows—enough to empty your pockets at basnet."

"Your ladyship is all goodness," said Fareham quickly.

De Malfort's name had decided him. He followed his hostess through a crowd of lackeys, a splendor of wax candles, to her saloon, where she turned and flashed upon him a glorious picture of mature loveliness, the peach in its ripe bloom, against a background of purple damask and gold.

The logs blazed and roared in the wide chimney. Warmth, opulence, hospitality, were all expressed in the brilliantly lighted room, where luxurious fauteuils, after the new French fashion, stood about, ready to receive her ladyship's guests.

These were not long waited for. There was no crowd. Less than twenty men, and about a dozen women, were enough to add an air of living gaiety to the brilliancy of light and color. De Malfort was the last who entered. He kissed her ladyship's hand, looked about him, and recognized Fareham with open wonder.

"An Israelite in the house of Dagon!" he said, *salto voce*. As he approached him, "What, Fareham, have you given your neck to the yoke? Do you yield to the charm which has subjugated such lighted natures as Villiers and Buckhurst?"

"It is only human to love variety. You have discovered the charm of youth and innocence." "Think it needs a modish Columbus to discover that? We all worship innocence, were it but for its rarity, as we esteem a black pearl or a yellow diamond above a white one. Jami, but I am pleased to see you here. It is the most human thing I have known of you since you recovered of the contagion, for you have been a gloomier man from that time."

"Be assured I am altogether human—at least upon the evil side of humanity."

"How dismal you look. Upon my soul, Fareham, you should fight against that melancholic habit. Her ladyship is in the black sulks. We

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are in for a pleasant evening. Yet, if we were to go away, she would storm at us to-morrow; call us sycophants and time-servers, swear she would have no further commerce with any man jack among our detestable crew. Well, she is a magnificent termagant. If Cleopatra was half as handsome, I can forgive Antony for following her to ruin at Actium."

"There is supper in the music-room, gentlemen," said Lady Castlemaine, who was standing near the fire in the midst of a knot of whispering women. They had been abusing the fair Frances and ridiculing old Rowley to gratify their hostess. She knew them by heart—their falsehood and hollowiness. She knew that they were ready, every one of them, to steal her royal lover had they but the chance of such a conquest; yet it soothed her soreness to hear Miss Stewart depreciated even by those false lips—"She was too tall." "Her Britannia profile looked as if it was cut out of the wood." "She was bold, bad, designing." "It was she who would have the king, not the king who would have her."

"You are too malicious, my dearest Price," said Lady Castlemaine, with more good humor than had been seen in her countenance that evening. "Buckhurst, will you take Mrs. Price to supper? There are cards in the gallery. Pray amuse yourselves."

"But will your ladyship neither sup nor play?" asked Sedley.

"My ladyship has a raging headache, what devil! Did I not lose enough to some of you blackguards? Do you want to rook me again? Pray amuse yourselves, friends. No doubt his majesty is being exquisitely entertained where he is; but I doubt if he will get as good a supper as you will find in the next room."

The significant laugh which concluded her speech was too angry for mirth, and the blackness of her brow forbade questioning. All the town knew next day that she had contrived to get the royal supper intercepted and carried off on its way from the king's kitchen to Miss Stewart's lodgings, and that his majesty had a Barmecide feast at the table of beauty. It was a joke quite in the humor of the age.

Fareham passed into the gallery, a long, low room, hung with modern tapestries, richly colored, voluptuous in design. Clusters of wax tapers in gilded sconces lit up those Paphian pictures. There were several tables, at which the mixed company were sitting. Piles of the new guineas, fresh from His Majesty's Mint, shone in the candle-light. At some tables there was a silent absorption in the game, which argued high play, and the true gambler's spirit; at others mirth reigned—talk, laughter, animated looks. One of the noisiest was the table at which De Malfort was the most conspicuous figure; his periwig the highest, his dress the most sumptuous, his breast glittering with orders. His companions were Sir Ralph Masaroon, Colonel Dangerfield, an old Malignant, who had hibernated during the Protectorate, and had never left his own country, and Lady Lucretia Topham, a visiting acquaintance of Hyacinth's.

"Come here, Fareham," cried De Malfort; "there is plenty of room for you. I'll wager Lady Lucretia will pass you her hand, and thank you for taking it."

"Lady Lucretia is glad to be quit of such dishonest company," said the lady, tossing her cards upon the table, and rising in a cloud of powder and perfume and a flutter of lace and brocade. "If I were ill-humored I would say you marked the cards! but as I'm the soul of good nature, I'll only swear you are the luckiest cog in London."

"You are the soul of good nature, and I am the luckiest dog in the universe when you smile upon me," answered De Malfort, without looking up from his cards, as the lady posed herself gracefully at the back of his chair, leaning over his shoulder to watch his play. "I would not limit the area to any city, however big."

Fareham seated himself in the chair the lady had vacated, and gathered up the cards she had abandoned. He took a handful of gold from his pocket, and put it on the table at his elbow, all with a somewhat cheerful silence, that escaped notice where everybody was loquacious. De Malfort went on fooling with Lady Lucretia, whose lovely hand and arm, her strongest point, descended upon a card now and then, to indicate the play she deemed wisest.

Once he caught the hand and kissed it in transit.

"Wert thou as wise as this hand is fair it should direct my play; but it is only a woman's hand, and points the way to perdition."

Fareham had been losing steadily from the moment he took up Lady Lucretia's cards; and his pile of Jacobuses had been gradually passed over to De Malfort's side of the table. He had emptied his pockets, and had scrawled two or three I.O.U.s upon scraps of paper torn from a note-book. Yet he went on playing, with the same unmovable countenance. The room had emptied itself, the rest of the visitors leaving earlier than their usual hour in that hospitable house. Perhaps because the hostess was missing, perhaps because the royal sun was shining elsewhere.

Lackeys handed their salvers of Burgundy and Bordeaux, and the players refreshed themselves occasionally with a brimmer of clary; but no wine brightened Fareham's dark brow, or changed the gloomy intensity of his outlook.

"My cards have brought your lordship bad luck," said Lady Lucretia, who watched De Malfort's winnings with an air of personal interest. "I knew my risk before I took them, madam. When an Englishman plays against a Frenchman he is a fool if he is not prepared to be rooked."



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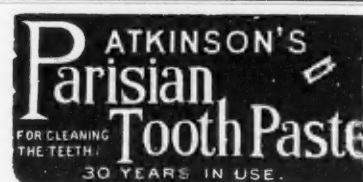
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"Fareham, are you mad?" cried De Malfort, starting to his feet. "To insult your friend's country, and, by basest implication, your friend."

"I see no friend here. I say that you Frenchmen cheat at cards—on principle—and are proud of being cheats. I have heard De Grammont brag of having lured a man to his tent, and fed him, and wined him, and fleeced him while he was drunk." He took a goblet of claret from the lackey who brought his salver, emptied it and went on, hoarse with passion. "To the marrow of your bones you are false, all of you. You do not cog your dice, perhaps, but you bubble your friends with finesse, and are as much sharper with twanging guitars and jingling rhymes, and laugh at us because we are honest and trust you. Seducers, tricksters, poltroons."

The flunkey was at De Malfort's elbow now. He snatched a tankard from the salver and flung the contents across the table, straight at Fareham's face.

"This bully forces me to spoil his Point de Venise," he said coolly, as he set down the tankard. "There should be a law for chaining up rabid curs that have run mad without provocation."

Fareham sprang to his feet, black and terrible, but with a savage exultation in his countenance. The wine poured in a red stream from his point-lace cravat, but had not touched his face.

"There shall be something redder than Burgundy split before we have done," he said.

"*Sacre nom nous sommes tombes dans un Adre de betes sauvages*," exclaimed Masaroon, starting up and anxiously examining the skirts of his brocade coat, lest that sudden deluge had caught him.

"None of you—French to show your fine breeding," growled the old cavalier. "Fareham, you deserved the insult; but one red will wash out another. I'm with your lordship."

"And I'm with De Malfort," said Masaroon. "He had more than enough provocation—"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, no bloodshed!" cried Lady Lucetia; "or, if you are going to be uncivil to each other, for God's sake get me to my chair. I have a husband who would never forgive me if it were said you fought for my sake."

"We will see you safely disposed of, madam, before we begin our business," said Colonel Dangerfield bluntly. "Fareham, you can take the lady to her chair, while Masaroon and I discuss—"

"There is no need of discussion," interrupted Fareham hotly. "We have nothing to arrange—nothing to wait for. Time, the present; place, the garden, under these windows; weapons, the swords we wear. We shall have no witnesses but the moon and stars. It is the dead middle of the night, and we have the world all to ourselves."

"Give me your sword, then, that I may compare it with the count's. You are satisfied, *monseigneur*? 'Tis you that are the challenger, and Lord Fareham has the choice of weapons."

"Let him choose. I will fight him with cannon—or with soap-bubbles," answered De Malfort, lolling back in his chair, tilted at an angle of forty-five, and drumming a gay dance tune with his finger-tips on the table. "'Tis a foolish imbroglgio from first to last; and only his lordship and I know how foolish. He came here to provoke a quarrel, and I must indulge him. Come, Lady Lucetia," he turned to his fair friend, as he unbuckled his sword and flung it on the table, "it is my place to lead you to your chair. Colonel, you and your friend will find me below stairs in front of the Holbein Gate."

"You are forgetting your winnings," remonstrated the lady, pointing to the pile of gold.

"The lackeys will not forget them when they clear the rooms," answered De Malfort, putting her hand through his arm, and leaving the money on the table.

Ten minutes later, Fareham and De Malfort were standing front to front in the glare of four torches, held by a brace of her ladyship's lackeys who had been impressed into the service, and the colder light of a moon that rode high in the blue-black of a wintry heaven. There was not a sound but the ripple of the unseen river, and the distant cry of a watchman in petty France, till the clash of swords began.

The word was given, and the business of engagement began slowly and warily, for a few moments that seemed minutes; and then the blades were firmly joined in carte, and a series of rapid feints began, De Malfort having a slight advantage in the neatness of his circles, and the swiftness of his wrist play. But in these preliminary lunges and parries, he soon found he needed all his skill to dodge his opponent's point; for Fareham's blade followed his own, steadily and strongly, through every turn.

De Malfort had begun the fight with an insolent smile upon his lips, the smile of a man who believes himself invincible, while Fareham's countenance never changed from the black anger that had darkened it all that night. It was a face that meant death. A man who had never been a duellist, who had raised his voice sternly against the practice of duelling, stood there intent upon bloodshed. There could be no mistake as to his purpose. The quarrel was an artificial quarrel—the object was murder.

De Malfort, provoked at the unexpected strength of Fareham's fence, attempted a partial disarmament, after the deadly continental method. Joining his opponent's blade near the point, from a wide circular parry, he made a rapid thrust in seconde, carrying his forte the entire length of Fareham's blade, almost wrenching the sword from his grasp, and then, in the next instant, reaching forward to his fullest stretch, he lunged at his enemy's breast, aiming at the vital region of the heart, a thrust that must have proved fatal had not Fareham spring aside, and so received the blow where the sword only grazed his ribs, inflicting a flesh wound that showed red upon the whiteness of the shirt. Dangerfield tore off his cravat, and wanted to bind it around his principal's wrist, but Fareham repulsed him, and his gloomy anger, lashed into hot fury by the Frenchman's uncavalier-like ruse, met his thrusts with a deadly purpose, which drove De Malfort reckless to lunging and riposting, and the play grew fast and fierce, while the rattle

of steel seemed never likely to end, until, timing his attack to the fraction of a second, Fareham dropped on his left knee, and planting his left hand upon the ground, sent a murderous thrust in cartouche home under De Malfort's guard, whose blade passed harmlessly over his adversary's head as he crouched on the sword.

De Malfort fell swooning in the arms of the two seconds, who both sprang to his assistance. "Is it fatal?" asked Fareham, standing motionless as stone, while the other men knelt on either side of De Malfort.

"I'll run for a surgeon," said Masaroon. "There's a fellow I know of this side of the Abbey—mends bloody noses and paints black eyes," and he was off, running across the grass to the nearest gate.

"It looks woundy like a coffin," Dangerfield answered, with his hand on the wounded man's breast. "There's throbbing here yet; but he may bleed to death, like Lindsey, before surgery can help him. You had better run, Fareham. Take horse to Dover, and get across to Calais or Ostend. You were—provoking. It might go hard with you if he was to die."

"I shall not budge, Dangerfield. Didn't you hear me say I wanted to kill him? You might guess I didn't care a cast of the dice for my life when I said as much. Let them find it murder, and hang me. I wanted him out of the world, and don't care how soon I follow."

"You are mad—stark, staring mad."

The wounded man raised himself on his elbow, groaning aloud in the agony of movement, and beckoned Fareham, who knelt down beside him, all of a piece, like a stone figure.

"Fareham, you had better run; I have powerful friends. There'll be an ugly stir if I die of this bout. Kiss me, *mon ami*, I forgive you. I know what wound rankled; 'twas for your wife's sister you fought—not the cards."

He sank into Dangerfield's arms, swooning from loss of blood, as Masaroon came back at a run, bringing a surgeon, an elderly man of that Alsatian class which is to be found out of bed in the small hours. He brought styptics and bandages, and at once set about staunching the wound.

While this was happening a curtain had been suddenly pulled aside at an upper window in Lady Castlemaine's lodgings, showing a light within. The window was thrown up, and a figure appeared, clad in a white satin nightgown that glistened in the moonlight with a deep collar of ermine, from which the hand somest face in London looked across the garden to the spot where Fareham, the seconds, and the surgeon, were grouped about De Malfort.

It was Lady Castlemaine. She leant out of the window and called to them.

"What has happened? Is anyone hurt? I'll wager a thousand pounds you devils have been fighting."

"De Malfort is stabbed," Masaroon answered. "Not dead?" she shrieked, leaning further out of the window.

"No; but it looks dangerous."

"Bring him into my house this instant. I'll send my fellows to help. Have you sent for a surgeon?"

"The surgeon is here."

The radiant figure vanished like a vision in the skies, and in three minutes a door was heard opening and a voice calling, "John, William, Hugh, Peter, every man jack of you. Lazy devils! There's been no time for you to fall asleep since the company left. Come, stir, and out with you."

"We had best leave, Fareham," muttered Dangerfield, and drew away his principal, who went with him, silent and unresisting, having no more to do there; not to fly the country, however, but to walk quietly home to Fareham House, and to let himself in at the garden door, known to the household as his lordship's.

(To be Continued.)

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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The Drama.

It is ten or twelve years since the children who delighted in the pages of that famous periodical, *St. Nicholas*, were driven into ecstasies by the advent of the Brownies to its pages. They first made their appearance in a little story in verse about the Brownies' feast; how they swarmed over the country side and did the work for some poor farmer who was too ill to get at his spring plowing and seeding, and how afterwards, by way of reward, they borrowed flour, and eggs, and raisins, and currants, and made themselves a pudding. But, strange to say, the groceries they stole were returned two-fold and the housewives were next morning astonished to find that their larders and flour-barrels contained a double store; even the lady who had a sheet borrowed from her clothes-line to wrap the pudding in could hardly believe her eyes when she saw two sheets flapping in the breeze. Attached to the tale was the peculiar cognomen, Palmer Cox, and in the years since then many thousand children, personally conducted by him, have followed the Brownies in all their whimsical adventures the world over. At last the Brownies have gotten on the stage—the last triumph of every popular hit. Years ago when they first came to tickle childish brains they were all weird and elvish little fellows, but gradually some of them acquired modern tastes in dress, and an Irish Brownie, a Chinese Brownie, a Chippie Brownie, and Brownies of all types began to appear. If you dropped into the Grand Opera House this week you saw every one of the favorites you used to follow from month to month, on the stage as large as life.

The remarkable thing about the audiences this week is that they have been more than half made up of people who are not play-goers at all. Scores of good folk who had never seen a play before were in the house on Monday night, and the influx continued through the week. These people were not critical; they enjoyed every moment of this unusually bright and brilliant spectacle. The old jokes about the man who goes out between the acts and the ladies with big hats were greeted as new and spontaneous sallies, and the only things they did not quite understand or appreciate were the burlesques on melodrama and pool-rooms, which the old play-goers applauded so vociferously. Indeed, the Brownies proved the most delightful spectacle that has ever been seen here. These whimsical little duffers were aided by the fairies and the demons who have done duty in spectacle from time immemorial. Never were fairies or demons presented with such reckless expenditure or with more glory of light and color; but the Brownies made the show; they give a whimsical turn to all the time-honored devices of spectacle. When they secure entrance to the demon's castle to rescue Titania, it is in the disguise of a German band—a German band which is the most accurate imitation of the real thing imaginable, and yet imitatively funny, with its musically disputes about Wagner and its thirst for beer; while the presence of the Chippie Brownie, disguised as John Philip Sousa and with that gentleman's air of entire mundane proprietorship, adds zest to it all. Again all the spectacular conventions are outraged when the Russian Brownie brings about the *denouement* by hitting the demon with a bomb. The good people who got into the theater for the first time had also a chance to see that much denuded chimera, a ballet—but it was so beautiful and made up of such lovely girls that I don't think anybody thought it wrong until after he got home. The flying dance at the last, too, was an equally glorious spectacle. Although the girls were all beautiful, the only one who contributed anything skilful to the show was the experienced burlesquer, Ida Mülle. She is a merry little chick. For a lady who was one of Lydia Thompson's blondes twenty-five years ago, Lena Merville is still well preserved, but the comedians, Frank Deslon, as the Brownie King, Sol Solomon—as a brother of Fred's—as the Chippie, and Fred Rannels as the sailor, contributed most of the enjoyment. William Hughes, Harry Bissing and Carl Marwig, the three chief gentlemen behind the scenes, certainly should not be left out, and the four Richards proved as wonderful acrobats as one's nerves could stand.

Rush City is a farce-comedy, and its characteristics are well summed up in these lines upon the programme:

A few remarks up to the times,
A merry string of jingling rhymes,
A plot that stands but little chance,
In a glittering maze of song and dance,
And there you are.

The company includes a number of pretty girls whose costumes and street dancing in a mushroom town in the cyclone belt, prove that farce-comedy is always insane. It is an entertainment; every moment is required to yield an amusement. As I have said before, only habitual theater-goers should be allowed to see farce-comedies, because a sober citizen, seeing one of these jumbles on his first visit to a theater, will feel that the place is a sort of laughable madhouse and nothing better. The girls dance well in Rush City; Tarantula Tom, the desperado, is a clever knockabout comedian; Joe Coyne as Mr.

Rush and E. J. Heffernan as the rain-maker, are droll fellows.

The Grand Duke or the Statutory Duel, the new comic opera by Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan, was given its initial performance at the Savoy Theater, London, March 7. It was disappointing in many ways, but was staged brilliantly. The plot, such as it is, is sufficiently simple and absurd. There is a miserly Grand Duke Rudolph whose subjects in the middle of the eighteenth century are addicted to duello. They are killing each other so fast that the Duke fears he will soon have none left. He invents the "statutory duel." The antagonists cut a pack of cards instead of each other, and the loser is supposed to be dead, or "dead by statute." The loser, in fact, dies, as Mr. Gilbert explains in the only pun in the piece, "of a cardiac affection." The winner succeeds to the position and responsibilities of the loser. There comes to the Duke's domain a party of wandering players. The manager of the troupe and the Grand Duke fall out. A statutory duel is arranged, and the Duke cuts a court card. The manager draws an ace. The impresario accordingly ascends the throne and finds himself her among other things to two claims for his hand in marriage. It is discovered after sufficient complications that in the statutory duel the ace counts only as the lowest card in the pack, so the manager is deposed, and everybody gets married of course. The piece contains many typical hits, and at the very outset the Gilbertian advice to brides is given in a chorus which may prove popular, thus:

If he acts unkindly
Shut your eyes and love him blindly.
Should he call you names uncomely
Shut your mouth and love him dumbly.
Should he rate you rightly, leftily,
Shut your ears and love him deafly.

Other characteristic lines are the throne song of the Prince of Monte Carlo:

Take my advice, when deep in debt,
Set up a bank and play roulette.
At once distrust you surely lull,
And rook the pigeon and the gull.
The bird will stake his every franc
In wild attempt to break the bank,
But you may stake your life and limb
The bank will end by breaking him.

Then there is a Greek scene where every drawing-room is an attic, a conspirators' association, in which,

Ere you open conversation with another soul,
You must eat a sausage roll.

Every bar of music is said to bear the stamp of its composer, but it is lighter than any of his previous operas.

In reciting the Prisoner of Chillon in Massey Hall last Thursday evening, Master Gordon Grote Copeland greatly surprised the large audience. The care and attention paid to the proper costuming of the young artist, together with the added beauty caused by the brilliant lime-light effect, combined in no small degree towards the success of the effort; but what is of paramount importance is the fact that this mere child should have succeeded in interpreting the author to so marked a degree as to come well nigh the very highest degree of perfection. I understand that he has given long and careful study under competent instruction to the preparation of this piece. We may expect to hear more of Master Copeland, who is now only eleven years of age.

The late Henry Pettit's great English play, *Hands Across the Sea*, which had a run of six hundred nights at the Adelphi theater, London, is coming to the Toronto Opera House next week. It was first seen here two years ago and the verdict passed upon the production was of a most flattering character. The piece is thoroughly English and is entirely devoid of those suggestions of vulgarity and the slums which have served to popularize and give smack to so many so-called melodramas. Its lines are natural, its situations most thrilling, but entirely free from any exaggeration or "blood and thunder." The sympathies of the audience are enlisted in behalf of the hero and heroine in the first act, and the interest becomes intensified as the story is unfolded. The characters of the play are not unduly exaggerated, and the blending of light and shade in comedy and pathos is admirable. There are a number of elaborate stage settings, all of which are pretty and decidedly realistic, particularly so the ship scene upon the deck of

the English merchantman, where the bluff English captain refuses to surrender a fellow-countryman to a foreign power. The presenting company this season is said to be an excellent one, and includes the talented young romantic actor, Maurice Freeman, late of the Boston Museum Stock Company, and Miss Nadine Winstan, late of Frohman's forces. Matinees will be given on the usual days—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Camille D'Arville and her own company, which numbers seventy people, will present *Madeleine*, or the Magic Kiss, which has proved to be one of the most entertaining events of the present season, at the Grand the last three nights of next week. The book of the opera is by Stanislaus Stange, and the music is composed by Julien Edwards. The success achieved by Miss D'Arville is the talk of the profession, and metropolitan opinion strongly endorses her. Allen Dale, one of the most prominent of the New York critics, says that Miss D'Arville "is undoubtedly Lillian Russell's superior in every way. She is a good actress as she is a singer; full of grace and *chic*, and it is a pleasure to witness her performance." This is a pretty "big order," as the saying goes, but I certainly expect that Toronto will be surprised by, and delighted with, D'Arville. The opera is said to be full of tuneful and catchy airs, and the company includes several comic opera people who are decided favorites in Toronto.

People We Meet.



No. 3—The Choir Girl.
Drawn by Mr. F. C. McGill.

Unrewarded Generosity.

Charlie Lush is a gay young bachelor who spends most of his leisure time at places of amusement, and is noted for his large-heartedness, but last Saturday afternoon it received a rude shock. He had just come out of the Museum when his attention was directed to a little fellow who was crying most pitifully. Going up to him Charlie enquired of his trouble. Between his sobs the little urchin replied: "D'ye see dat feller gittin' on dat car?" He was informed that he saw him. "Well, he kicked me and knocked me down, and took my papers away from me!" In the fullness of his heart, Charlie told him to dry his tears and gave him five cents. Two minutes afterwards he was running down Yonge street and Charlie heard him sing out: "Say, fellers, I got another nickel from a guy up street."

Another Lie!

Pick-Me-Up!

An Englishman recently sent a bath-tub to a gentleman in Paris as a present, and received a note a day or two after, asking when the ours were coming.

"Seen Bill Brown when I was up to town," said the man with the gum boots, settling himself on the salt-barrel; "conductin' a street-car." "I thought 'Bill' was goin' into business for himself," said the grocer. "Wah, I allow he is to some extent, but the company ain't got onto it yet."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Didn't Fancy Goose Egg Encores.



Manager—I have booked you to play Hamlet in Little Compton, R.I.
Boothin Bearit—Sorry, old man, but I can't do it. Was there once—they raise too many geese in that section.

Confidential Letters to a Young Lady.

No. 1.—A General View of Life.



MY DEAR GIRL.—You are no doubt able, instinctively, to arrive at pretty sound conclusions in regard to life without recourse to laborious methods of reasoning, and are therefore not advertising for advice. Advice can only be useful during the processes of inward argument, and if you intend to have no argument but to form instantaneous judgments, there is no advantage in the receiving of advice. It is at once the great blessing and the sad calamity of womankind that they are endowed with an intuition that asserts itself almost constantly, and defies time and space and sworn evidence. It is a blessing because, if well used, this intuition becomes almost infallible and makes woman, emotionally, superior to man; it is a calamity because, if not well used, if ill-trained, made unhealthy and perverted to unmean uses, it still holds sway, although mischievous and unreliable. A woman who once gets fairly embarked upon a career of crime, for instance, is worse than a man so placed, because the man by processes of reasoning can discover where he stands in relation to morality, while the woman's degraded intuition prizes the bad above the good.

For generations our social systems have tried to dethrone intuition and graft upon the feminine mind the slower, clumsier and duller means wherewith men decide matters, but the work of destruction has only half succeeded. Women now reason out all trivial matters; but at crucial times a deeper gift than men possess is brought into play. No observant man can fail to have noted many instances of women's intuitive perception as regards men and measures, motives and morals.

Women are going into business. If you must be one of them, go to work cheerfully and brightly, but remember that marriage is woman's destiny and that the humblest woman who is happily wed—who, as she grows old, has home-joys and her family about her, living again in the pleasures of her daughters and the ambitions of her sons—has more joy in her cup of life than all the famous spinsters, like Susan B. Anthony, in all the world since the world began. Florence Nightingale no doubt did a splendid work, but on the Day of Judgment it may chance that she will be almost lost sight of in that vast concourse of heroines who shall stand forth for the commendation that they missed on earth—missed, nor asked for, nor expected, nor were conscious of deserving. We may expect that the mothers of men will stand forth on that day, and not the lady orators, and poets, and novelists, and organizers, and reformers, and other Rebellious Susans, whose works will be known for idle mummery when all is finished.

So don't get a wrong perspective of life, my dear girl. You may just now find allurements in the freedom you enjoy as a breadwinner for yourself, but look forward twenty years. Go back a thousand years or forward a thousand, and you will find one fact staring you in the face—the fact that the Superfluous Woman, however her success may vary in her attempt to be useful in the economy of creation, has never succeeded, nor ever can succeed, in being happy. Odd ones may succeed in a measure, but only odd ones. If you don't marry, though, be an odd one. Train your mind into happy channels and make it your pride that nothing can overthrow your good humor.

But if you are to marry, don't undertake to reform a man who notoriously stands in need of reformation. If you pick out the best man in the world you will find that your powers as a reformer are not equal to the task in hand. Because a man is not an angel is no reason why his wife should be unhappy. The most selfish of women could get along with an angel, and so a reasonably good woman, prepared to make a few concessions, should be able to get along with a husband who is not quite angelic. Some of the things you cook for him—in your sweet way—are not meant to nourish an angel. A man is what he eats.

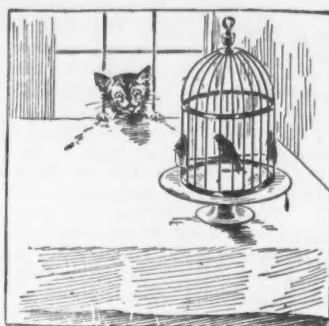
You will observe that the cranky woman usually has a tool of a husband. It is not all chance, my dear girl. The man either spoiled his wife's temper or the wife crushed the man's spirit. Either one is the victim.

Don't be too quick to express sympathy for the woman who has a masterful husband. He may not be a boor, and he is very apt to be the sort of man who can command respect outside the home as well as in it. There are times when a strong man at the head of a family is an advantage. It may seem nice to have a husband who is as biddable as a man-servant, but mark this well, that the man who is shorn of self-respect in his own house won't bother asserting it elsewhere after a time. If he is made to wash dishes at home he will sooner or later forget himself when away visiting. If he is led around by the nose at home, he will, in his relations to other men down town, soon offer his nose to them by force of habit. If you want your husband to be master rather than servant in the world—to lead rather than to follow—don't take the conceit out of him. Flatter him—inspire him—take him to the door and show him the highest point in life, telling him that he can attain to it; that you, who know him best, believe in him—and no matter how commonplace a man he may be, you will live to see his mangel-wurzel head silhouetted against the sky beyond the mountain-peak in the evening of life. The vain creature will say: "Weren't you lucky to have married me instead of that stupid Jones? I gave him a clerkship to-day, poor dunder." Never mind. You will know that you could have done as much for Jones had you married him. Jones, whose wife made him an errand-boy, will know it. Nearly everyone on earth will know it except your husband and Mrs. Jones. But, as I say, you will know it yourself, which is the great reward of all.

This letter is already long enough and so I will bring it to a close. In my next I shall discuss How to Win A Man.

Sincerely yours,
JARVIS DOWD.

Beyond all Peradventure.



For Saturday Night.

The Cat [Solus.]

What's this my feline eyes behold?
A small and dainty bitelet—
The cage hangs low—a moment hence
That bird goes out of sightlet.
Be still, my nervous, anxious tail,
My throbbing heart content your
Self—for surely we shall dine,
Beyond all peradventure!



The Bird. [A little later.]

Ah, treacherous, base and wicked cat,
Did ever you get left, sir?
The servant-maid arrived in time
To foil your purposed theft, sir.
Go back into the kitchen now
With butcher's scraps content your
Self—while I trill opera airs
Beyond all peradventure!

GEO. V. HOBART.

Baby's Thoughts.

I'm not the least bit sleepy,
But then it's all the same,
Into my bed I'm huddled,
I think it's just a shame.
My eyes must be shut tightly,
Oh, no—I must not weep.
My fun and frolic's over—
There's nothing left but sleep.

The little birds are drowsing
Beneath their mother's wings,
I'd like to hear the by-law
I know she sweetly sings.
Their cradle's in the tree-top
Flanked by the evening breeze,
I wish I were a birdie
To sleep up in the trees.

If my mamma would take me,
And rock me to and fro,
And sing a little dream song,
So soft and sweet and low,
I'd soon go off to Nod-land
So very still I'd lie,
And slumber like the birdlings
Up in the tree-top high.

Detroit Journal.

Victor and Vanquished.

From the Bookman.

Through the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day,
Hastened one whom all saluted as he sped along his way;
In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere,
And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear.
Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire,
Till he saw a woman's figure loitering idly by the fire.
"I have won," he cried exultant: "I have saved a cause from wreck,
Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck!
Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great.
I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the State!"
Languidly she turned to listen with a decorous pretence,
And her cold, patrician features mirrored forth indifference:
"Men are always scheming, striving for some petty end," said she.
Then a little yawn suppressing, "What is all of this to me!"

Through the shadows of the evening as they quenched the sunset glow,
Came the other, faring homeward with dejected step and slow;
Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before,
Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.

"I have lost," he faltered faintly. "All is over," with a groan;
Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own.
Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness,
Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress,
And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea
Said, "If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me?"

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone,
Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone;
While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased,
And the haggard light returning flocked the melancholy east.
But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment,
And he thrust his cares behind him with an infinite content,
Reckless not of place and power and the smiles of those above,
For his darkness was illumined by the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost,
And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

That Brute Simmons.



Simmons' infamous behavior towards his wife is still matter for profound wonderment among the neighbors. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. She toiled and slaved for that man, as any woman in the whole street would have

maintained, far more than any husband had a right to expect. And now this was what she got for it. Perhaps he had suddenly gone mad.

Before she married Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widow Mrs. Ford. Ford had got a berth as a donkeyman on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape; a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman—an immeasurable fall for a capable engine-fitter. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her still childless, and childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons.

As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world—and he wanted one. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man with a boyish face, and sparse limp whiskers. He had no vices (even his pipe went from him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had engrained on him sundry exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday under a tall hat, and put a penny—one returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages—in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes, and brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the forks, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangle, and on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons in her marketing, to carry the parcels.

Mrs. Simmons's own virtues were native and numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how much of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was prodigious to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he arrived, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers, balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the cold flags. This was because she scrubbed the passage and doorstep turn-about with the wife of the downstairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "cleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and the possibility of random splashes; and if, in spite of her diligence, a spot remained to tell the tale, she was at pains to impress the fact on Simmons's memory, and to set forth at length all the circumstances of his ungrateful selfishness. In the beginning she had always escorted him to the ready-made clothes shop, and had selected and paid for his clothes; for the reason that men are such fools, and shopkeepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street corner, and straightway she conceived the idea of making Simmons's clothes herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of uproarious check-tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern furnished by an old one. More, it was finished by Sunday: when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was induced in it and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, he found; the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind his heels; and when he sat it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat-collar tickled his nape, but his collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder; while the garment itself bagged

generously below his waist. Use made a habit of his discomfort, but it never reconciled him to the chaff of his shopmates; for as Mrs. Simmons elaborated successive suits, each one modeled on the last, the primal accidents of her design developed into principles, and grew even bolder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint—as hint he did—that he shouldn't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes; and there was a new tailor's in the Mile End road, very cheap, where— "Ho, yus," she retorted, "you're very considrit, I dessay, sittin' there actin' a livin' lie before your own wife, Thomas Simmons, as though I couldn't see through you like a book. A lot you care about overworkin' me as long as your turn's served, throwin' away money like dirt in the street on a lot o' swindlin' tailors, an' me workin' an' slavin' ere to save a 'penny; an' this is my return for it. Anyone 'ud think you could pick up money in the 'orseroad; an' I b'lieve I'd be thought better of if I laid in bed all day, like some would—that I do." So that Thomas Simmons avoided the subject, nor even murmured when she resolved to cut his hair.

So his placid fortune endured for years. Then there came a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and put away the tea-things, and then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day, and hanging behind the parlor door. There they hung, in all their decent innocence of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of waist, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. And as he looked on them the small devil of Original Sin awoke and clamored in his breast. He was ashamed of it, of course, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, there the small devil was; and the small devil was fertile in base suggestions, and could not be kept from hinting at the new crop of workshop gibes that would spring at Tommy's first public appearance in such things.

"Pitch 'em in the dustbin!" said the small devil, at last; "it's all they're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wretched self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea-things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open, probably by the fault of the child downstairs. Now a front door standing open was a thing that Mrs. Simmons would not abide; it looked low. So Simmons went down, that she might not be wroth with him for the thing when she came back; and as he shut the door he looked forth into the street.

A man was loitering on the pavement, and prying curiously about the door. His face was tanned, his hands were deep in the pockets of his unbraced blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-crowned peaked cap, topped with a knob of wool, which is affected by Jack ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door, and "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he said.

Simmons stared at him for a matter of five seconds, and then said "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, then—Simmons now, ain't it?"

He said this with a furtive leer that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't her 'usband, are ye?"

"Yus."

The man took his pipe from his mouth, and grinned silently and long. "Blimy," he said at length, "you look the sort o' bloke she'd like;" and with that he grinned again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a hurry, matey," he said, "I come 'ere 'ave a little talk with you, man to man—d'ye see?" And he frowned fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uncomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wotjer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then, if you'll excuse the liberty, I'll inter-dose meself, in a manner of speaking," he touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' Kingdom Come, so to say. Me as went down with the Mooltan—safe dead five year gone. I come to see my wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons's jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, then up at the fanlight, then out into the street, then hard at his

Suits Him.



Miss Driver—Would you like a four-in-hand? Old Gayboy—Yes, if they were four aces.

visitor; but he found nothing to say.

"Come to see my wife," the man repeated. "So now we can talk it over—as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth, and led the way upstairs mechanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of the state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the small devil woke again. Suppose this man was Ford? Suppose he did claim his wife? Would it be a knock-down blow? Would it hit him out—or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea-things, the mangle, the knives, the kettles and the windows, and he thought of them in the way of a backslider.

On the landing, Ford clutched at his arm and asked in a hoarse whisper, "Ow long 'fore she's back?"

"Bout a hour, I expect," Simmons replied, having first of all repeated the question in his own mind. And then he opened the parlor door.

"Ah!" said Ford, looking about him, "you've bin pretty comfortable. Them chairs an' things—jerkiny his pipe toward them—was hers—mine, that is to say, speaking straight, and man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently: "Well," he continued, "ere I am agin—ole Bob Ford, dead an' done for; gawn down in the Mooltan. On'y I ain't done for, see?"—and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons's waistcoat; "I ain't done for, 'cause why? Conscience o' bein' picked up by a ole German sailin'-utch, an' took to 'Frisco' fore the mast. I've 'ad a few years o' knockin' about since then; an' now—lookin' hard at Simmons—

"I've come back to see my wife."

"She—she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were at random.

"No, I bet she don't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d'you find 'er? Do she make ye clean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted uneasily, "I—I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' course."

"Ah! an' the knives, too, I bet; an' the bloomin' kettles. I know. Wy?"—he rose and bent to look behind Simmons's head—"s'elp me, I b'lieve she cuts yer 'air! Well, I'm damned! Jes' what she would do, too."

He inspected the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trucks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. Damme, they're wuss'n wot you've got on."

The small devil began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back, perhaps he'd have to wear those trousers.

"Ah!" Ford pursued, "she ain't got no milder. An', my Davy, wot a jore!"

Simmons began to feel that this was no longer his business. Plainly, 'Anner was the other man's wife, and he was bound in honor to acknowledge the fact. The small devil put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford suddenly, "time's short, an' this ain't my business. I won't be 'ard on you, matey. I ought, prop'ly, to stand on my rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonial, I'll—this with a burst of generosity—"damme, yus! I'll compound the felony, an' take me 'ook. Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more—five pound does it!"

Simmons hadn't five pounds—he hadn't even five pence—and he said so. "An' I wouldn't think for to come between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no account. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. I'll 'ook it."

"No," said Ford hastily, clutching Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three quid—come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't much compensation for me goin' away for ever—where the stormy winds do blow, so to say—an' never as much as seein' me own wife agin for better nor wuss. Between man an' man, now, three quid, an' I'll shunt; that's fair, ain't it?"

"Of course it's fair," Simmons replied effusively. "It's more'n fair; it's noble—down-right noble, I call it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good-artedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, an' I oughtn't to 'a' come between you. I apologize. You stop an' 'ave yer proper rights. It's me as ought to shunt, an' I will." And he made a step toward the door.

"Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door—"don't do things rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to you with no 'ome to go to, an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. It'll be dreadful. Say a couple—there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man and man, an' I'll stand a pot out of the money. You can easy raise a quid—the clock 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it; an' I'll—"

There was a loud double knock at the front door. In the East End a double knock is always for the upstairs lodgers.

"Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons in reply; and he made a rush for the staircase.

Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window, and, just below

him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and borne to him from within the door there fell upon his ear the sound of a well remembered female voice.

"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?" asked the voice sharply.

"'Awright, 'Anner, there's—there's somebody upstairs to see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the gathering dusk; and, behold, it was Thomas Simmons!

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He flung into the back room, threw open the window, dropped from the wash-house roof into the back-yard, scrambled wildly over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul; and that is why Simmons's base desertion—under his wife's very eyes, too—is still an astonishment to the neighbors.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

The Stage in Old London.



THE last days of February are witnessing the withdrawal of pantomimes from many of the London houses. Possibly there never was a season since pantomimes appeared in their present garb, when managers have competed so keenly with each other in the matter of scenic splendor as the present. Even the managers of

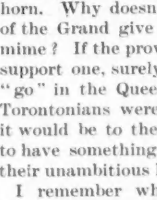
such houses as the old Surrey have this season realized that to hold their own their productions must be of a more elaborate scale than in the old days before "Sir Gus" began to run the show at Drury Lane, and magnificent productions, even in the cheaper houses, have therefore been the result. Of course Drury Lane has again far outstripped its competitors, and all the papers say that in the matter of grandeur Sir Augustus Harris' Cinderella surpasses anything ever previously seen on any stage, and that to produce anything more brilliant would be impossible. But Sir Harris has already been on a voyage of discovery for something wonderful on next Christmas, so perhaps the papers, after all, may be mistaken. There is no gainsaying the fact, however, that the management of Drury Lane have this year eclipsed all previous efforts, and the fact that all the best seats in the house have been booked from the commencement to the end of the season, and that one couldn't secure a seat to-day for love or money, is proof that, although a mint of money was expended in the production of Cinderella, Sir Augustus has come out at the big end of the horn. Why doesn't the enterprising manager of the Grand give Toronto a season of pantomime? If the provincial towns in England can support one, surely Mr. O. B. could make one "go" in the Queen City, and then after the Torontonians were done with it, what a boon it would be to the villagers out Hamilton way to have something to enliven the monotony of their unambitious lives!

I remember when Mr. E. S. Willard last appeared at the Grand he announced his farewell till 1896. As I write, the last ten nights of The Professor's Love Story are announced at the Garrick Theater. I don't know why he is ringing down the curtain. Certain it is that it is not for the want of patronage, because the "house full" notice is posted nearly every evening. Perhaps it is that he intends keeping faith with his American and Canadian patrons after all.

Romantic plays are a big thing in England just now, and for the Crown is keeping the box-office officials at the Lyceum extra busy.

Wilson Barrett and Miss Jeffries, with the Sign of the Cross, are at the Lyric. The piece, I hear, has been altered a bit since it first saw the light at Montreal, and has taken fashionable London by storm.

Another new comedy which I suppose will sooner or later be seen at the Grand, is The Romance of the Shopwalker, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in the lead as Thomas Tompkins. It has just made its appearance at the Vaudeville, and looks like staying there for a lengthy period.



A stranger approached ex-Governor Taylor of Tennessee recently with extended hand, and said: "Your face is familiar; where in h—l did I meet you?" "I don't know," replied the ex-governor; "what part of h—l are you from?"—Argonaut.

Should it come to Toronto later on, go and see it.

The Shop Girl, somewhat on the lines of the Gaiety Girl, has entered on its second year and is being continually kept up to date. Londoners like it, and a comic opera must be passable, in the pantomime season in particular, to secure good houses. Should the young lady visit Toronto, as I expect she will presently, take my advice and pay your respects to her.

Charley's Aunt ought to be tired of running at the Globe, where for over two years she has been driving crowded audiences into convulsions.

At the Alhambra, and the Empire, and the Palace of Varieties, new ballet divertissements are fetching crowds nightly who like to look at pretty women, hear good singing, see elegant dancing, and admire flying ballet girls, but as the Torontonians would draw the line at anything like this, it is no use me saying whether they are worth seeing or not!

London, Feb. 28. E. S. JACKSON.

Points About People.

The most popular book that Austin ever wrote is a prose work entitled The Garden That I Love. He is also the author of three novels, Five Years of It, 1888; An Artist's Proof, 1864; and Won by a Head, 1866. We leave the title of his book of 1866 with the humorists.

Pope Leo XIII. recently gave the following advice to a famous Italian preacher, Father Zocchi: "Write articles for the newspapers. People read them who never go to hear a sermon preached." This excellent advice would appear to have also been sent out to several of the Canadian prelates.

The Canada Club in London meets on Wednesday, March 25, at the Albion, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will be the chief guest, and we may expect that he will say something of interest to Canadians. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was to have presided, but we are in a position to announce that Sir Charles will be otherwise engaged on the evening in question.

Dr. Churchill Julius, bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, has appeared in public on a tricycle. He is very unconventional. Some time ago he insisted on laying the last brick on the restored spire of his cathedral, and was hoisted up in a chair at the end of a rope. He recently addressed a congregation he was visiting as follows: "I never saw so much bad coin in all my life. To offer to the church, to the cause of God, money that the butcher or the baker would not accept, shocks me. The man who would do that wants the grace of God very badly—or three months."

The Duke of York has a double, William Reginald Roberts by name, who traveled all over England in first-class carriages, and the guards never thought of asking him for a ticket. One day, William was traveling down to Windsor in his customary princely style. Joseph Chamberlain happened to be aboard the same train, and, hearing that the Duke of York was in the next compartment, he decided to go in at the next station and pay his respects. Tableau! "His Grace" is now doing a term in Bow street.

Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, the German Emperor's sister and wife of his cousin, went skating the other day on a lake near Potsdam, and fell through the ice, owing to her having gone on a part officially marked "dangerous." The Emperor hearing of it telegraphed to his sister, severely censuring her for breaking the police regulations. At the same time he wrote to her husband rebuking him for not exercising a proper control over his wife. The prince and princess thought they were big enough to resent such language, and talked back. The Emperor then ordered his brother-in-law to consider himself under arrest, and placed a guard of soldiers at his residence.

The Despairing Lover.

Old Song—WALSH.

Distracted with care,
For Phillis the fair;
Since nothing could move her
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How grievous-sever
The torment might grow,
He'd scorn to endeavor
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcerned,
At thought of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

A stranger approached ex-Governor Taylor of Tennessee recently with extended hand, and said: "Your face is familiar; where in h—l did I meet you?" "I don't know," replied the ex-governor; "what part of h—l are you from?"—Argonaut.

The Latter Preferable.



Miss Kate—I like a man with a past. He is always interesting.
Miss Duplicate—I like a man with a present, and the more expensive the present, the more interest I take in it.



An Eight-foot Feet.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

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Anecdotal.

Two characteristic stories of Tom Reed's quickness at repartee are told in *The Atlantic*. When as speaker he was counting a quorum in the House, one angry Democrat strode down the aisle, exclaiming, "How do you know I am present?" Reed replied: "Does the gentleman deny that he is present?" A prosy Democratic member, in the course of a debate, remarked that he would rather be right than be President. "Don't be alarmed," Reed replied. "You will never be either."

The *Lancet* has received the following delicious production from the medical man to whom it was addressed by the seven-year-old writer: "Dear Dr. Douglas—I would be very pleased if you would let me have a Baby for one guinea. We want it on the 4th Feb for Mother's birthday. We would like it fat and Bonny, with blue eyes and fair hair. We Children are going to give it to her ourselves please answer at once.—Yours sincerely, Archie Campbell. P.S.—Which would be the cheaper a Boy or a Girl?"

A Western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked, "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed."

The late Sergeant Slee, while severely cross-examining a witness, insisted, peremptorily, upon obtaining an answer, "yes" or "no," to one of his questions. The witness vainly expostulated, saying the question was one that he could not answer in that manner. "Non-sense, sir," said the sergeant, "any honest man can answer 'yes' or 'no' to a question." "Sir," replied the witness, "let me put you one question, and if you answer 'yes' or 'no' to it I will answer yours also in a similar manner. Tell me have you given up beating your wife?" The sergeant good-naturedly joined in the laugh raised at his expense, and allowed the witness to answer the question put to him in his own manner.

A Scotch clergyman once made clear even to the dullest of his flock the difficulty of treading the strait and narrow path as contrasted with descent on the spacious highway leading in the other direction. Before he was well started in his discourse he ran down the pulpit stairs and proceeded to suit the action to the word. "My brethren," he cried, "the road to Heaven is like this," and lying flat on the banister, he began to pull himself up, hand over hand, as laboriously as a boy climbs a greased pole. At last he reached the top and got on his feet again, happy in his Christian victory. Then, having taken breath, he exhorted his hearers to look at the road to the other place, doubled one leg under him, and slid down the rail, in a half-sitting posture, with a rapidity and grace that betrayed a juvenile familiarity with the route.

The recollections of John Sherman, the tallest, thinnest and homeliest man in Congress, do not embrace the best story of Webster and Clay. Both were great money makers, and both were forever in the hardest financial straits. One day Clay went to Webster and said: "Got any money, Dan? I want \$250." "I was just going over to borrow that amount of you," said Webster. "I'm dead broke." "Wonder where we can raise it? We need \$250 between us." They formed themselves into a committee of ways and means, and after much thought evolved a plan. "Clay, if you will make a draft on me at thirty days I will indorse it and we can get the money at the bank." The draft is in a Washington bank at this day, bearing both signatures. The two "old boys" got the money, and the next day were skirmishing around for more.

Mr. Albert Chevalier tells a good story against himself. When he was eighteen he took part in a benefit performance at the Gaiety Theater. He was playing an old man's part. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and himself were in the cast, and his cue entirely slipped his memory. He looked towards the prompt entrance, and seeing Irving, Bancroft, David James, Miss Terry, and other celebrities looking on, he got so nervous that he was unable to utter a word. "At that moment," as he himself tells the story, "a tremendous round of applause startled me, reassured me, and after it subsided I got along capitally. My mind was a bit uneasy as to the Kendals' opinion of my performance, so I did not wait to see them, but went home. At night I met Mrs. Kendal, who spoke very well of my effort. Mr. Kendal, coming up at the moment, said: 'You were a bit uncertain in your lines in fact, upon one occasion you stopped dead.' 'Yes,' said I, 'didn't you hear the round of applause I got?' He laughed. 'Oh, you mean when the Prince of Wales entered the theater!'

Between You and Me.



THE parson said such a sensible thing on Sunday that I was quite glad, I was in church to hear it. I am always glad when some canting phrase gets the daylight let through it, and one sees what a hollow, empty fraud has been humbugging us. What the parson perforated was the *Kismet* of Christians—those four little words, "It is God's will," which saddle the Omnipotent with everything that goes wrong in the world. "Thy will be done," we say ever so many times in concert, and what humbugs we are—meaning as we do, nine times out of ten, "my will be done, no matter what breaks." The parson said it is not God's will that any should be miserable. I took that home and thought it out on practical lines. There are lots of us who make ourselves miserable, just for cussedness; the doubting, anxious bread-winners, the worm-eaten, jealous ones, the restless, undecided ones, who are ever playing the donkey with bundles of hay on either hand. It goes without saying that the Deity isn't to be saddled with their woes, at all events. There is also a misery which comes naturally in the course of time, so beautifully summed up, "He goeth heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother," the not-to-be-avoided losses that time brings. Then there are other losses, which come as the inevitable sequence of ill living, neglect of common-sense precautions, and so on. As the parson quoted,

"I said it were the will of God,
Miss Annie said it were drains."

And thinking on these lines, I somehow thought of the poor and their long hours at labor in close summer days, and their heated houses and stuffy sleeping-places, and I wondered if it was God's will that we should deny them an outing when they have time for it. The Sabbath Day Observance people refuse them the outing and say, "It is God's will." Well, somehow I begin to have my doubts exactly whose will it is!

The Canon says we may go to church first and go to the country afterwards. I am glad he doesn't want us to go to church in the evenings in summer! Often, when I have been leisurely wheeling home about eight o'clock, after a stifling hot day, I have passed the churches, ablaze with light, heavy with bad air, reeking with heat, and the sound of the singing has blown out through the open doors, hot, frantic, appalling, and the sweet evening air outside, and the solemn smile of the marvelous moon, and the knowing glances of the naughty little stars, have seemed to say, "What on earth are they cooped up in that hot, flaring box down there for?" And from the hot church has mayhap echoed out that old four-word utterance, "Thy will be done," which the sweltering crowd did their best to shout out of their poorly inflated lungs.

The other day a rich man died and was buried. A few days later one of his employees also joined the silent majority. I have heard that the rich man had not the hearts of the people in any marked degree. The death of the poor man was thus announced by one of his fellows: "Boys, the boss has sent for the furnace-man already," and the regret of the rest of them took a momentary holiday, while a subdued snicker and a not-to-be-denied grin greeted the informant.

By the way, if there be one pathetic thing more touching than another, it is the death of the poor man. It wrings the heart to remember the small scant room, the well worn clothes hanging by the bed, the bed itself so meagrely furnished, the little ones huddled like a covey of quail in a corner, curious, yet frightened at the atmosphere that seems to whisper in every ear weird, terrifying suggestions. The weary woman, almost spent with sleepless nights and toilsome days, and ah! the eyes of the poor man, big with thoughts and trouble, as they move over the huddled group and turn full of questioning pain and fear to the wan woman. She knows the thoughts that are breaking his heart, and whispers, "We'll do all right, my son," and then she takes a grip of her fainting soul, and straightens her figure to show how strong she is. But the apprehensive misery bides in the face of the poor man, who does not dread the opening of frozen mother earth for him so much as the biting frost and cold for those little ones. He has fed them so long and slaved for them so faithfully that he forgets God is over them, and dreads his death as if no other hand than his were open. Then he feels some strange thrill, some absorbing suggestion that lifts him away from it all, as though one led him up through space, till he stops breathing in his surprise, and the woman turns and sees him, and cries wildly, "Oh, my man, my man," and there is a shrill wail from the huddled little group, and the poor man has died.

If you want a nightmare you had better read *The Real Chinaman*, by Chester Holcombe. I think I once before wrote about the hidden things of China, but I had only a novel to go upon. I read there the effect: in *The Real Chinaman* I got the cause, traveling backward with true Chinese stupidity. The book is so cold-blooded one lays it down with a hopeless, helpless feeling. The Chinaman is so plainly impossible. It ought to convince anyone who is not a fanatic, or an old maid in search of a husband, that the missionaries are beginning at the wrong end, working the wrong way, when they transplant the Salvation Army lads and lasses into the flowery land. The Chinese word for us all is devil, and one can quite return the Faustian appellation, for the real Chinaman seems to fit the character of the lower regions better than any created being. The horrible part of the book is the tone of excuse and palliation which the author indulges in. Sixteen years among the Chinese seems to have not only dulled his sensibilities, but made him forget ours.

By the way, talking of old maids, why shouldn't they above all others try to get a husband? What we can have easily, as most of us can have husbands when we are young

A Cold Inspiration.



Scrawler, the poet, is spending the month of March at the sea-shore, writing a summer poem for a July magazine.

and attractive, ceases to be desired, but when we have passed, perhaps not heeding the passage, through the spring and summer time of life, and have time to consider the other half of creation, why shouldn't we naturally find it interesting and desirable? I'm always sympathetic with the old maid who betrays such interest, and between you and me, old maids make splendid wives. "I am glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandmamma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and uppittin'." Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please. Make fun of that idea if you like, but there's truth in it, that is, if the old maid is of the right brand. I never believe the girl who tells me, as a splendid girl did last week, that she has made up her mind never to marry. Sometimes I do believe another sort of girl—she who has the memory of love only—and if so be the love were deep enough she is better unwed. There are women who will read this paragraph who have, maybe a good many years old, a sacred experience, which was so much to them that it will satisfy their whole life. There is a great future, a noble chance for such women, unhampered by the claims of any visible creature, with their treasure and its treasure-house, their heart, separated from the earthly round, biding somewhere. I know not where, nor you, nor they. They may be recluses, they may be prized and cherished members of society. The finger of fate has touched them in its most pitiless way, and their recompense is a practically easy path into the highest plane of life, the altogether spiritual. These are the old maids whom one bows before, but knows by their very sacredness to be human. And, good people, they are not so rare as you may suppose.

LADY GAY.

The Bohemian Spirit.

He does not believe in cold formality, or, at any rate, he didn't a short time ago; but, of course, his views may have changed. He liked Bohemianism, he said, and even went so far as to inculcate a little of it into his boy. He wished the latter to regard him as a companion rather than a father and a disciplinarian, so he taught him to call him "Henry" instead of either "Papa" or "Father."

For a time the plan seemed to work first-rate, but it is barely possible that he may regret it now. The boy was such an apt pupil that it only took him a very short time to master the theory of true Bohemianism, and he showed his proficiency a few nights ago. The father was in the parlor entertaining some visitors and the boy was upstairs amusing himself by letting the water run into a stationary washstand. He put in the plug and turned the water on full head, expecting it to run out the escape-pipe at the top of the basin, but the escape-pipe had gone out of active business for some unknown reason, and before the boy realized that anything was wrong the water was running over to the floor.

He turned it off promptly, but not until there was quite a pool of water on the floor. He realized that something ought to be done about that before his mother saw it, and he naturally turned to his "companion" for assistance. He went to the top of the stairs, and this is what the visitors in the parlor heard floating down to their host:

"Hi, Henry! Bring a mop up here, and don't let the old woman know anything about it, or there'll be trouble."

There was no lack of Bohemian spirit in the summons, but the circumstances made it just a trifle awkward, and it is possible that he does not think so highly of his theory now as he did at first.

"I saw your daughter at the theater last night," said a friend to Mrs. Malaprop, "and she was looking very pale. Is she delicate?" "Delicate! no indeed," was the reply; "I'll venture to say there isn't a girl in society so indelicate as my daughter." Then the heavens fell.

She—What do you mean, sir, by kissing me? What do you mean? He—Er—nothing. She—Then don't you do it again. I don't want any man kissing me unless he means business.

Indianapolis Journal.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best.

Too Numerous.

Chicago Post.

"That makes twenty-eight to-day," he said as he laid aside a copy of a humorous weekly, "and there are nearly ten months yet to come. We may be able to live through it, but I don't see why our lawmakers do not come to our rescue."

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"Perhaps it wouldn't do to make it a penitentiary offence," he continued, paying no attention to her question, "but it certainly should be considered a misdemeanor."

"John, are you crazy?" she demanded.

"No, I'm not," he responded hotly, "but I will be if this thing keeps up much longer. Just think of ten months more of these leap-year jokes that are being fired at us from all sides!"

An Incurable Disease.

El Tarapaca.

A well known physician at Wiesbaden was called in to attend a lady of high lineage.

"Well, how do you feel to-day, my dear madam?" enquired the doctor, in his usual cheery manner.

"I am a Marchioness, doctor," the lady replied, laying an emphasis on the title.

"Ah! I am sorry to hear it," said the physician, "as that is a complaint I am unable to cure."

And so saying he snatched up his hat and departed.

A Material Poet.

Chicago Post.

The poet laid his little bundle of manuscript on the editor's desk and waited.

"I suppose you're like all the rest of them," said the editor, after glancing over the poems.

"In what way?" asked the poet.

"Why, I suppose you are writing for fame," "Not entirely," replied the poet slowly.

"Not?"

"No. I'm writing for fame, with bread and butter on the side."

She—Did you see the Latin quarter while in Paris? He—No, but I got several lead francs passed on me.

Old Bullion—What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere school-girl yet. Sutor—Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush.

Doctor—I must forbid all brain work. Minor Poet—But may I not write some verses for the magazines? Doctor—Oh, certainly; I spoke of brain work only.

Manager—You claim, sir, to have every qualification of a first-class actor? Hamlet de Montmorency—Well, perhaps I ought to mention the fact that I am slightly deaf—the result of so much applause, you know.

First detective—Ah-ha! Now I understand why the safe was not blown open. This burglary was committed by a woman. Second detective—How do you know? First detective—Here's the hair-pin. Puck.

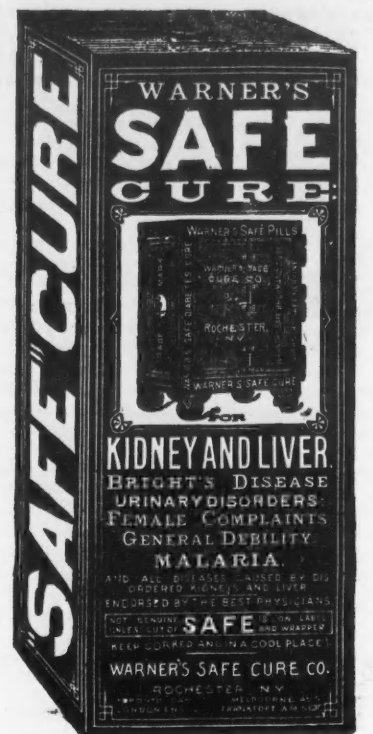
Mutual friend—It really is shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him. Injured Wife—What! go away and leave him alone to do just as he likes? Not me!

Patient—The examination seems to have delighted you, doctor. I judge from your happy countenance that you can save my life. Dr. Sawbore—I cannot promise you that; but we must perform a number of most interesting operations on you.

A Cold Water Party.

"Through the efforts of Mr. Alex. Melville, district agent of the Oakville Cold Cure, a most enjoyable sleigh ride was participated in by the graduates of this vicinity. The cold water boys drove to Lakeland, where a sumptuous repast was awaiting them at the Queen's Hotel. Mine host then gave the freedom of his house to his guests, who enjoyed themselves in a manner as to make unfortunates envious of men who were free from the appetite of strong drink. All were united in voting the heartiest thanks to Mr. Munro for the elegant spread he had prepared and his excellent treatment."—*Peterborough Review*.

The foregoing extract disposes of the idea prevailing in the minds of some drinking men, that if they give up drinking liquor there will be little worth living for. No man who drinks will ever know solid, satisfying enjoyment until he has taken the Lakeland treatment and become independent. If there are no graduates in your locality set them a good example by going to Oakville yourself, and your account of the matter will bring them, too. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.



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Here's An Important Item.

Has it occurred to you how easy, how comfortable and convenient it now is to take a day trip from Toronto to New York; if not, just a moment while we tell you. You can leave Toronto every week-day at 9.05 a.m., get a through parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12.30 p.m., leave on the Empire State express from the same station via the New York Central at 1 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State express and the New York Central, which is and always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy tickets through via New York Central at any regular ticket office. For any information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edison J. Weeks, general agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange street, Buffalo.

Irrigation in Dakota.

Is causing that much maligned section of the Western country to blossom like the rose. Quoting from a published article on the subject, it is stated that "Men who are accustomed to farming in non-irrigated districts are slow to believe the reports of enormous yields of all kinds of farm products in those sections of the country where irrigation is practiced." An irrigated 40 acre farm produces greater and better results than a 640 acre farm cultivated in the ordinary way. In a few weeks we hope to be able to publish various items from different individuals giving their personal experience in irrigation farming.

In the meantime send for a free copy of an illustrated pamphlet in reference to Irrigation in Dakota, published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. Address, A. J. Taylor, Canadian Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.



Messrs. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., M. Matthews, R.C.A., of Toronto, and Homer Watson of Doon are the western representatives on the hanging committee of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, whose exhibition is now being held in Montreal.

The invitation cards for the opening of the Royal Canadian Academy are out. Mr. James Smith, the R.C.A. secretary, is always prompt in the issuing of these pretty cardboards.

The monthly meeting of the Ontario Society of Artists was held on Tuesday evening. Vice-President William Revell occupied the chair. Business relating to the coming exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was transacted.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood spent a few days of last week in Ottawa.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith is in Ottawa, where his two historical paintings are now on view. Over seven thousand citizens of the capital visited the gallery during this exhibition, which is very flattering to the painter of such important pictures.

Mr. Sherwood's popularly known painting, "Tired Out," which attracted so much attention at the winter exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, was recently sold to a well known art collector of Eastern Ontario.

Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., spent the last fortnight in Ottawa, where he has been engaged on the modeling of a bust of Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

I reproduce from the *Art Interchange* a portrait of Sir John E. Millais, Bart., the new president of the English Royal Academy. He was born in Southampton in 1829. Since the



Sir John E. Millais.

foundation of the Academy in 1768 it has had only eight presidents. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, James Wyatt, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant and the late Lord Leighton.

An exhibition of Modern Posters is on view to-day and Monday, March 14 and 16, at the studio of the Art Students' League, 72 Adelaide street east. This end-of-the-century craze has reached us at last, and indeed any visitor will see a great deal to wonder at and much to admire in this collection. The posters are kindly loaned by Mr. George A. Howell, Mr. W. W. Alexander, Mr. C. M. Manly and other friends and members of the League.

No lecture in the course given by the Woman's Art Association has drawn a larger audience than that which met last week to hear Miss Machar (Fidelis) of Kingston speak on "Failure in Success." Dr. Parkin of Upper Canada Col-

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lege occupied the chair, and in introducing the lecturer as an artist in the literary sense, complimented the Association on the good work it was doing. Miss Machar ably outlined the basis of all true art as being a representation of the impression made on our nature. Art was based on a two-fold sympathy, work for the love of art and a desire to communicate to others what had impressed itself on ourselves. True insight was the great test of art, and the place of art in life was to uplift and elevate. The basis of true art was true love and true sympathy, a complete surrender of self. There was not necessarily any incompatibility between idealism and realism in art, so long as the former did not lack truth nor the latter soul. To be led away by a desire for notoriety, by ambition, or a passion for distinction, was a great fallacy. In closing, Miss Machar referred to the noble life of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, which exemplified the truth of the fact that it was only with the spirit of love and loving service for man that true success could be attained in art, or anything else, for "love never faileth."

The Woman's Art Association Sketch Club will meet as follows: March 14, at Mrs. J. B. Hall's, 326 Jarvis street; March 21, at Miss Graham's, 329 Church street; March 28, at Miss Good's, 35 Lowther avenue; April 4, no meeting; April 11, at Miss Rees's, 236 Bloor street west; April 18, at Mrs. J. Lillie's, 40 Nanton Crescent, Rosedale; April 25, at Mrs. Dignam's, 275 St. George street. Sketching to begin each evening at 7.30 sharp.

Miss Harriet Ford delivered last Saturday afternoon, in the hall of the Students' Union, the last of the series of University lectures, her subject being Venetian Art. After describing Venice, its people and its art, Miss Ford critically compared Titian, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto, placing the work of Titian first as midway between the decorative painting of the second and the dramatic work of the third. Vivid and minute descriptions were given of many of the works of each artist. The lecture was highly appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Ernest Thompson is expected on this side of the Atlantic some time next month, but whether he shall see him here or not seems uncertain.
LYNN C. DOYLE.

Modern Dictionary of Familiar Terms.

PROHIBITION.—Transferring licenses from saloons to drug stores.
OLD MAID.—Extinct after 1896.
CONVERSATION.—For goodness sake don't say I told you.
MEMORY.—Something to make one homesick in Heaven.
CHARITY.—Giving of one's superfluity.
HOME.—A name handed down by tradition—now obsolete.
DIVORCE.—There are others.
RELIGION.—A cloak of many colors.
PENITENCE.—O! what a difference in the morning.
VIRTUE.—Freedom from temptation.
CRIME.—Being found out.
CONTENTMENT.—Another name for stagnation.
BERT LESSLIE.

Pick Out the Meanest Man.

Uncle Tommy Donovan of Maysville, Ky., never had to cut behind to keep the boys out of the tail of his wagon, because he has put a row of inverted tacks there.

A fiend, incarnate, in Paola, Kas., proposes to have the purely agricultural horse races at country fairs begun one day and ended the next, so as to work the rooters for two admission fees.

There's a big general store in Boston which made its employees work without extra pay every night until nearly midnight before Christmas, and then docked their pay envelopes because that day was a holiday.

No Doubt of It.

Pick-Me-Up.
Mrs. May-Fair—Well, Mrs. Parvie-New, how does your daughter progress in her piano lessons?

Mrs. Parvie-New—You know I ain't no musician myself, but I did hear her teacher say once yesterday, "Emma, my child, you're quite ten bars ahead!" So she must be getting on, mustn't she?

Life on a Farm.

One of Hardship and Constant Exposure.

Frequently the Most Rugged Constitutions are Broken Down—A Prominent Farmer Tells of the Wonderful Recuperating Powers of a Famous Medicine.

From the *Assiniboian*, Saltcoats, N. W. T.

Everyone around Yorkton knows Mr. Dan Garry, and what a pushing active business farmer he was until he gripped took hold of him, and when the enemy left him, how listless and unfitted for hard toil he became. For months he suffered from the baneful after effects of the trouble, and although he still endeavored to take his share of the farm work, he found that it was very trying; he had become greatly weakened, had lost both appetite and ambition, and was tired with the least exertion. He tried several remedies without deriving any benefit, and as one after the other had failed,



he determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He felt so utterly worn out that several boxes of the pills were taken before he found any benefit, but with the first signs of improve-

ment he took fresh courage, and continued taking the pills for three months, by the end of which time he was again an active hustling man, feeling better than he had for years. Mr. Garry tells his own story in the following letter to the *Assiniboian*:

"Dear Sir,—After a severe attack of la grippe I was unable to recover my former strength and activity, I had no ambition for either work or pleasure, and to use a popular phrase, 'I did not care whether school kept or not.' I tried various medicines without deriving any benefit from them. With not much hope I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was agreeably pleased to find, after a few boxes, a decided change for the better. My appetite, which had failed me, returned, and I began to look for my meals half an hour before time, and I was able to get around with my old-time vim. I continued the use of the Pink Pills for three months, and find myself now better than ever. You may therefore depend upon it that from this out I will be found among the thousands of other enthusiastic admirers of Dr. Williams' wonderful health restoring medicine.
"Yours gratefully,
"DAN GARRY."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

If Your Nerves

are not as strong as you would like, and unruffled, you can have them soothed to your liking by using Westminster Smoking Mixture procured from Muller, 11 King street west.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JACK O' LANTERN.—For an absolutely quiet life, at a minimum cost, with several restrictions as to hours, etc., you could not do better than take a room at the Elm street Guild. I have never seen it, but hear it is wholesome and clean.

MARGE.—The dining-room upstairs of the St. Lawrence Coffee House for dinner. I often go there. It is near Church on King. You can also get your tea there, but it is served downstairs. Your letter interested me greatly. Won't you write again?

MON FREER.—The picture was sent yesterday to the former address. Probably you will receive it before you leave, and if not, it will surely be forwarded to you. Very glad to hear your good news. I shall execute your commission in regard to your picture; the lady is now en route for England.

SALLY WATERS.—1. No, I never heard of such a custom. It must have originated with the unspeakable Turk. 2. Your writing shows plenty of vitality, quick perception, and a good deal of cleverness. You are a very stirring young woman, lacking refinement and self-control, but admirably enterprising, entertaining and bright. Don't be impatient with more tranquil natures; they possibly also find you rather trying at times.

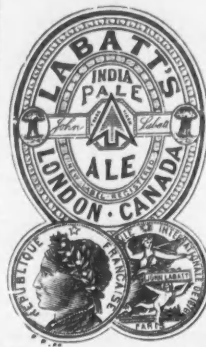
SOPHIA.—1. You guessed correctly. "That dear Lady Gay" was quite overcome by your message and would be glad to meet you halfway. 2. Certainly, the mission is not a pretense. The nurses are qualified, the nourishment and medicines are first-class, and a great deal of good is being done. Send them your subscription with an easy mind. I should not dream of laughing at you, my dear lady. As a stranger, you took a very sensible course.

THE RAKE.—1. Yes, I've heard the riddle coupling your *nom de plume* with widows. It's wonderful how an idiosyncrasy like that survives and takes on verdure. 2. Your other question is distinctly impertinent, and follows well in some vein, but I don't mind assuring you that I am not in the least a widow, nor likely to be. My state, however, is no concern of yours. 3. Your writing is so good that I am surprised at the vulgarity of your letter. The former shows acute perception, good judgment, and a very superior culture; you have many natural advantages and have developed them well. A streak of insincerity is shown, also a good deal of conceit and some impatience. You can be a true lover and a helpful friend.

DUCHESS.—1. When I came to your statement, "I am a nurse," I was sorry I had not seen it before. That would have constituted itself an exceptional circumstance, and you'd have been answered at once. However, your Grace must forgive my delay this time. 2. Your writing shows a great deal of energy and snap, quite an enterprising spirit, plenty of vivacity and a bright perception. Your patients are well looked after, I'll be bound. You are slightly impulsive and very thorough in your tastes. If you like or dislike anyone, there's no mistake about it. You are optimistic, self-reliant and exceedingly discreet. This last trait completes a most attractive character. 3. I have never been south. Am sure I should love it, though.

JERRY AND TOM.—Your writings are almost identical. Surely you are brothers. They both show impatience of control, quick temper, rather inflated self-esteem, much affection, some ambition, perseverance and decided cleverness. Tom's writing is the steadier of the two, though even he needs badly to practice self-control. I should think both were in some business drawing a good deal on the nervous force and probably connected with literature. This supposition is not authoritative, but I should be glad to know if it is correct, also the relationship which exists between Jerry and Tom. Tom should be the elder, as his character is more formed. Both are artistic and very fond of music, with a keen sense of humor and some love of luxury. Not by any means commonplace people.

TELEICUM.—Do a great many love affairs have to come to an end through other causes than quarrels? Oh, you wise child! And should you return presents when you part with friends? That entirely depends upon the disposition of each of you. In cases of perfect indifference I suppose you need not. A very sensitive and refined person would probably do so, being anxious to do the separation up thoroughly, but if you care about the gifts and it is quite understood you are willing to return them if the other party



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wishes, you might let the question stand open. Personally, I should never think of retaining them. Back they would go, packing; but I've known it otherwise. 2. Your writing is forceful, hopeful, rather ambitious, and you are careful, discreet and practical. You can be affectionate, loyal and are inclined to selfishness, have a good opinion of yourself and give me the impression of a sensible person, with very good principles, but not much experience and lacking in culture.

MATEE DOLOROSA.—It's a ticklish business, advising anyone on such matters. You love your daughter; you reasonably suppose she reciprocates; then this attractive and impetuous person engages her affections, and she defies your authority. My good mate, there are a dozen such cases in the city. The more you oppose her, the more obstinate she will become. There are two plans open. One is to have a talk with the obnoxious young man. Tell him you disapprove of his attentions, but that you don't intend to try to coerce your daughter, only if she goes on with the affair you will know what to think and will consider yourself at liberty to take certain steps regarding her prospects. She is young and headstrong, I quite believe. There is another way, which perhaps has not occurred to you, namely, to give up opposing her and let matters take their course while you make the best of it. In that case you must convince yourself there's nothing against the young man but his lack of money, and then, accept him heartily. Perhaps, after all, you may get on very well together.

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SCHUMANN.

The Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, Mr. John Lund conductor, made their first appearance in this city on Tuesday evening last, when an audience of probably twelve hundred people, representing the musical elite of the city, greeted them. Much interest had been felt among local members of the profession in the Toronto debut of Buffalo's fine orchestra, for the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made from time to time to establish a similar organization for Toronto had created a feeling of doubt as to the practicability of any such scheme being satisfactorily carried out excepting in the largest centers such as New York, Boston and Chicago. The concert on Tuesday night, however, clearly demonstrated that whatever the financial aspects of the experiment have been in Buffalo, the orchestra which now represents that city has developed artistically in a degree which must be a pride to its citizens and a source of gratification to Mr. Lautz (Buffalo's Colonel Higginson), the generous gentleman who has for a number of seasons cheerfully made good any deficit resulting from the work of the orchestra. The first great requisite in such a venture is necessarily a conductor who shall not only be familiar with all the traditions of orchestral interpretations, but shall at the same time possess personal qualifications which command the respect and enlist the sympathy of the men under his baton. In Mr. Lund the people of Buffalo have secured a gentleman who combines thorough musicianship with an aptitude for executive work, which has aided materially in securing for the organization under his direction, recognition throughout the country as one of the most efficient orchestras in America. The orchestral numbers on Tuesday evening last were well calculated to test the versatility of the conductor and the proficiency of his players. Schubert's sublime unfinished symphony, a suite of selections from Wagner's Lohengrin, and Tchaikovsky's characteristically scored Slavonic March constituted the orchestra's contribution to a memorable programme. The audience was enthusiastic in its applause of all the numbers and Mr. Lund was several times recalled upon the conclusion of the Wagnerian excerpts. One may safely predict that should the orchestra again visit Toronto the extremely favorable impression created by them on this occasion will ensure them a hearty welcome. The accompanying soloist, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who has just this season emerged from his seclusion after having for several years entirely abandoned concert playing, created a veritable *furor* through the magnificent character of his performances. He was repeatedly recalled after each appearance, and, I am informed, was so thoroughly impressed with the spontaneity of the reception accorded him and the evident intelligence of the audience that for the first time this season he responded by playing an encore number after each of the physically taxing concertos contributed by him, namely, the G major of Beethoven and Liszt's A major. In the former Mr. Joseffy gave an interpretation remarkable alike for its refinement, intellectuality and vigor. A superb performance of Liszt's splendid concerto was given, in which the immense technical difficulties of the work were surmounted with the greatest ease. The fire and sentiment which pervaded the rendering of this splendid composition, and the symmetrical phrasing, effective pedaling and charmingly rhythmic accents which were features of the great pianist's playing in both concertos, combined to make performances which have perhaps never been surpassed in Toronto for genuine musicianly merit. Mr. Joseffy was happy in the unusual excellence of the orchestral accompaniments, in the conducting of which Mr. Lund's talent shone brilliantly. The magnificent Steinway Grand piano which was used, also contributed in no small measure to the success of the event.

The Toronto Cleft Club entertained Messrs. Lund and Joseffy at Webb's on Tuesday evening last after the concert in Massey Hall. A most enjoyable time was spent, and the two eminent musicians won their way to the affections of the representative gathering of local musicians present as much through their genial and modest manner as by the merits of their triumphant performances earlier in the evening. A feature of the evening's entertainment and of the speeches made was the utter absence of "shop," it being demonstrated that it is possible for musicians to meet occasionally without worrying each other by long-winded harangues about their "work," combined with tedious lectures of what should be the world's duty in recognizing their greatness, real or imaginary. The two guests were unanimously elected to honorary membership in the Cleft Club, whose list of active and honorary members is gradually increasing. The president, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and the secretary, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, are entitled to congratulations for the admirable manner in which the details of the above pleasing event were arranged and carried out. The handsome new and commodious club-rooms on Adelaide street were formally opened on Thursday evening of last week.

A vocal recital by senior pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds attracted a large and representative audience of music-lovers to Conservatory Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The programme was one of the best yet given by the talented young ladies and gentlemen who are studying under Miss Reynolds, and included a varied selection of quartettes, duets and solos. The Verdi Quartette, which is composed of Misses Idle and Lund and Messrs. Johnson and

Stutchbury, distinguished themselves in several very attractive numbers. Other pupils taking part in the programme were: Misses Gertrude Wilson, May Mackenzie, Jennie Gier, Bertha Tucker, Josephine Bridgland, Teresa Tymon, Gertrude Smith, Gertrude Black and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. W. G. Haggas and Mr. Walter Hayes. A piano solo brilliantly played by Mr. Napier Durand, one of Mr. Edward Fisher's most promising pupils, and a well played violin solo by Miss Hilda Davis, pupil of Mrs. Adamson, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The death of Sir Joseph Barnby has rendered vacant the important position of conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society of eight hundred and fifty singers. Considerable anxiety is being felt at present as to the appointment of a suitable successor to Sir Joseph, and the opinion is being freely expressed that no man exists in England to-day who can keep this magnificent chorus of eight hundred and fifty unpaid singers together. One writer says: "The chorus have no other tangible incentive to adhere to the organization than that they have one free ticket to each performance. They have to pay their own traveling expenses and give up their time to rehearsals, and unless the new conductor has the personal magnetism to hold them together, it is a serious question in my mind whether the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will not collapse." Sir Alexander Mackenzie has been appointed conductor for the balance of the present season, but the chorus demand a voice in the appointment of a permanent conductor, and a vote will probably be taken among them at an early date.

A very interesting invitation matinee musicale was given at the residence of Mr. V. P. Hunt, 104 Maitland street, on Saturday afternoon last, when the following attractive programme was rendered:

Handel..... Variations in E Major
Beethoven..... Andante con Moto, from Sonata Op. 57
Schubert..... Minuetto..... Miss Mabel Blain
Godard..... Au Matin..... Miss Mary Nevitt
Schumann..... (Warum 'Whyt')
Grillen (Whims)
Miss E. Shepherd
Moszkowski..... Gondoliera, Op. 41..... Miss J. Bustin
Chaminade..... La Lisonjera (Flatterer)
Miss Laura Gale
Liszt..... Waldesrauschen (Conceit Rhyme)
Miss Edith White
Chopin..... Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 1
Chopin..... Scherzo in flat minor
Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman

Much praise is due Mr. Hunt for the admirable work of his pupils on this occasion, there being at all times evident in their playing the oversight of a careful and capable instructor.

A Canadian musician who is at present spending some time in London, England, writes to SATURDAY NIGHT an interesting letter from which I extract the following: "Concerts are very numerous here, but there is no opera at present. Joachim is here for the season and has already played in public several times. Richter and Mottl have been and are to come again, and Henschel is giving his regular series of orchestral concerts, the most interesting of which, so far, has been a Wagner programme which was splendidly given. Choral works are being produced on all sides. Heard a grand performance of the Elijah under Barnby shortly before he died. London, big as it is, seems unable to keep up a first-class permanent opera company. It is strange. The Mikado has had a long run since its revival last fall. The orchestral concerts are usually splendid. Mottl was superb. The Ballad concerts are very long but good. Opera is the weakest department in music here."

The Westminster church choir, under the able direction of Mr. A. M. Gorrie, give their annual concert in Massey Hall on March 20. Besides a number of standard Scotch part-songs, in the interpretation of which Mr. Gorrie's choristers have earned an enviable reputation, the choir will have the assistance of Mr. Norman Salmon, the eminent English baritone; Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano; Miss May Dickenson, soprano; Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, and Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, flutist. Among the part-songs by the choir will be The Auld Man, and Willie, Come Sell Your Fiddle, both of which have been received with great enthusiasm at former concerts. In consideration of the low prices, this year's concert of Mr. Gorrie's excellent choir should attract an immense audience.

I am informed that subscriptions for the Messiah performance on March 23 have been literally pouring in. A very large and fashionable audience already seems secured for this important event, which promises, in many respects, to be a notable one in the annals of oratorio performances in this city. The chorus will completely fill the large seating capacity of the platform, and with the addition of an orchestra of fifty pieces and the assistance of Mme. Albani, Mme. Van der Veer Green, Mr. Norman Salmon and Mr. Harold Jarvis, lovers of oratorio are anticipating a rare treat. Subscriptions are still being received at Nordheimer's and seats will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

The Toronto String Orchestra, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson conductress, give their annual concert in Association Hall on Thursday evening, March 19. In addition to a varied and interesting programme of music for the orchestra, the following well known and prominent artists have been engaged to assist: Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Herr Rudolf Ruth, cellist, and Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli, accompanist. Seats may be reserved from the 16th inst. at the warehouses of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming at fifty cents.

A new song, entitled Love Springs up Wild, music by W. O. Forsyth, words by W. J. Morgan, has just been issued by the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. In this musically work, which, by the way, is Mr. Forsyth's op. 22, No. 2, the composer has treated a clever little text in a most interesting and appropriate manner, not the least effective feature of which is a happily conceived and artistically constructed accompani-

ment. The song is cheerfully recommended to our vocalists.

Miss Rice of Oshawa, a vocal pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, sang with much success at a recent concert given in that town. A local paper, says of her: "The audience seemed deeply impressed with Miss Rice's musical ability, she being endowed with rare vocal powers, to which is added the charm of a thorough musical education which enables her to bring out the full beauty of music."

The programme given by the Don Mills Methodist choir at a recent concert will be repeated at Yonge street Methodist church on Good Friday night, when the capable choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. Hork, will constitute the chorus. As has already been stated, the works to be produced are Gaul's cantata, Ruth, and a new Harvest Cantata by Mr. W. F. Tasker.

The excellent choir of Orillia Methodist church, under Mr. E. C. Wainwright's direction, recently gave an entertainment which yielded a net profit of two hundred and eleven dollars. This choir, as has on a previous occasion been stated in SATURDAY NIGHT, is one of the most efficient in the northern counties.

The Brantford Musical Society, Mr. F. G. Rogers conductor, gave a successful performance of Gaul's Joan of Arc on Thursday evening of last week, with a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. In May the Society intends to give Samson, with a chorus of five hundred imported soloists and orchestra.

The Ladies' Vocal Club of the Toronto College of Music meets every Friday afternoon at 4.30 in the College Hall. Mr. Walter H. Robinson has been engaged as conductor and good results may be expected under his baton. The membership is open to others than College students.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the popular solo pianist, has been invited to play at the annual convention to be held in Indianapolis in June next, under the auspices of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association.

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Social and Personal.

Lady Gowksi is at home this afternoon and the Hall will be crowded with her ladyship's guests.

Mrs. J. Staunton King gave an afternoon tea on Thursday to a number of young ladies at her handsome home on St. George street. I hear that Mrs. Charles Johnson, her sister-in-law, is exceedingly well and happy in her New York home.

Mrs. Lount of Kemigara, who has been visiting relatives for the past fortnight, returned home last week.

Mr. Herbert Mason, with his daughters, Mrs. Vandersmissen and Mrs. Alley, had a pleasant visit of a week in Ottawa and returned home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Mason will return to Ermeleigh almost immediately. Master Douglas, who has had quite a serious attack of measles, is convalescing.

Miss Seynfour has been quite ill for some days.

Moss Park has received many anxious enquiries in the last week or so, since the illness of Hon. G. W. Allan was generally known. Mr. Allan has not been very robust for some time and a serious cold laid him on a bed of sickness recently.

Mr. and the Misses Brock are in Southern Europe. The latest letters report their arrival at Rome.

Dr. Graham of Gerrard street is sorrowing for the loss of a beloved relative. Mrs. Graham, senior, his mother, died last Saturday at the great age of ninety-two years, at her home in Meadowvale.

Rev. C. J. Boulden, M.A., of Trinity College Cambridge, has been appointed headmaster of Berthier Grammar School, Que. Mr. Boulden has been for three years assistant minister of St. James's cathedral.

A Sweet Spring Gown.

Messrs. Osborne & Flower, ladies' tailors, have one of the prettiest of spring gowns in fawn cloth that has been ordered this year. The skirt is made with the new box-pleat in the front gore, and three box-pleats dispose of the rest of the fullness, which is considerable. The pretty shade of the cloth is repeated in a foot binding of velvet, and the dainty gown is lined throughout with shot silk in apricot and green shades. The coat is the short, square, full front, innocent of darts and hanging en enfant straight from bust to a few inches below the waist line. The basque of this sacque is smoothly flat, in a box-pleat, and the whole effect chic in the extreme. Osborne & Flower have some very stylish new stuffs and some smart models.

Important Auction Sale.

Messrs. Dickson & Townsend have received instructions from Mr. E. E. Sheppard to sell by public auction the entire contents of his residence, 578 Jarvis street, at 11 o'clock, on Tuesday, March 17. This will be a very important sale, as everything is modern and attractive. The sale includes everything: furniture, curtains, drapery, bedroom and nursery belongings, kitchen utensils, bric-a-brac picked up in foreign lands, piano, paintings, etchings and painted photographs—these include many very valuable pieces. For more specific details see advertisement in another column.

Unsanitary Wall Coatings Condemned by the Bible.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or redish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days." And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place.

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalsomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians.

This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

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Little things frequently cause disastrous results. Just a chill caught in a wetting will heap up discomfort, sickness and expense. While just a layer of Rigby proofed Fibre Chamois through a garment makes it absolutely waterproof so that a pouring rain can't penetrate it, offers protection from the wind, and is light and inexpensive. Isn't it worth while?

Needless Alarm.

Whether the suffering which people undergo from disease is more physical than mental is a point not easy to decide. It depends largely on the nature of the disease, and the make-up of the individual. Experience seems to show, however, that in one prevailing disease—indigestion or dyspepsia, the two kinds of suffering are very evenly divided, and both very great, the mental distress being chiefly due to the illusions and deceptions which attend it. For example, though dyspepsia is solely an affection of the digestive organs, it has power to set up disorders in others which always alarm the sufferer, and often perplex his medical advisers. These symptoms or sequences may relate to the head, the heart, the sight, the hearing, the lungs, or to other organs or functions. Take an illustration or two.

"In the spring of 1891," says Mr. Edward Tatham, "I fell into a low, weak state of health. I had a foul taste in my mouth, and was constantly spitting up a thick phlegm. My appetite was poor and after eating I had fullness and pain at the chest—the latter seemed to be puffed and swollen. What made me most anxious was my breathing, which came to be so difficult and short that at times I was led to fancy that something must all my lungs, especially as so great a quantity of mucus gathered in my throat and mouth. It was usually worse at night, and I got very little sleep on account of it; sometimes none at all. In the morning I would be quite worn out. As time went on I became very weak, and was much put to it to get about. I took all kinds of medicines and got no proper relief from anything. In February, 1893, Mr. William Beardsley, grocer, Cotmanhay, told me how he had been cured of a like trouble by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Acting on his advice I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Platt's Drug Store, Ainsworth road, and after taking it felt quite another man. My breathing was easier, and my food agreed with me. I continued using the Syrup, and got stronger and better every day. When I had taken four bottles I was as well as ever, being free from all pain or discomfort. My wife, who has suffered for years from liver complaint, has taken the Syrup with the same good results as in my own case. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this statement. (Signed) Edward Tatham, Derbyshire, March 21, 1895."

"In October, 1888, writes another, 'I began to feel weak, heavy, and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had distress at the stomach, together with shortness of breath, and a good deal of pain across the chest. Sometimes I would be taken with sudden dizziness, as though I must fall to the ground. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over me, and I trembled from head to foot. Finally, I got so weak that I could scarcely walk to my work. Indeed, I had occasionally to leave my work; I have been away as long as a month at a time. In this way I suffered for about two years. In August, 1890, Mr. Thompson, the grocer

in Church street, urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. After taking only one bottle I felt better. My food agreed with me and I was stronger. Continuing with this medicine, gradually all pain left me and I completely recovered my health. Since then I have kept the Syrup in the house for use in time of need. You are free to publish this statement. (Signed) William Mallender, 71 Robinson's Buildings, Newhill, Wath, near Sheffield, October 11, 1895."

Cases of supposed disease of the heart, of the nervous system, of the kidneys, etc., constantly prove to be, not organic affections of those parts at all, but merely local or functional disturbances caused by the toxic or poisonous principles thrown into the blood by the decomposition or fermentation of food in the stomach; otherwise, by dyspepsia or indigestion. But until they are discovered to be so they are mistakenly treated, and serious, often fatal, results follow. Until pronounced, and undeniable symptoms of organic mischief show themselves (which is not the case once in a hundred times) you may take it for granted that your ailment is some form of dyspepsia, easily curable by Mother Seigel's Syrup, as demonstrated by the two instances cited above.

DICKSON & TOWNSEND

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HAVE RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS FROM

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The entire contents of his residence,

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AT 11 O'CLOCK, ON

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Everything is modern, having been bought new within the past seven years, and includes many suits and pieces of furniture and attractive articles of ornament.

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ETCHINGS and PAINTED PHOTOGRAPHS The Etchings are many of them "proofs" of value, and the others are excellent examples of the various schools. These large reproductions of works of art were authoritatively issued as correct in color and every detail. These pictures are said to be the best collection of the kind in Toronto, and are handsomely framed.

BRIC-A-BRAC Picked up in various countries; several ornamental and unusual things worth a collector's notice.

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BEDROOM and NURSERY BELONGINGS Besides the contents of six well furnished bedrooms is a Batten Nursery Set, consisting of Lounges, Rockers, Cradle and Baby Carriage, all prettily upholstered by Rogers; also the contents of the school room—Desks, Tables, Chairs, Globe, etc.

KITCHEN UTENSILS Range, Gas Stove, Tables, Dishes, Glassware, and articles of everyday household use.

The house is to rent. Apply to J. A. Nesbitt, Real Estate Agent, 9 Adelaide Street East, for card of admission to see premises and contents, or to

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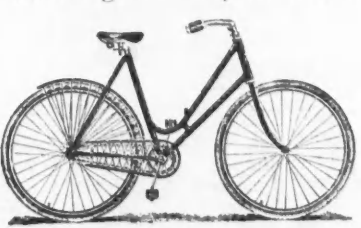
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has all the splendid qualities of the plain goods, sells for the same price, 35c. per yard, is made in the three weights—and in addition will never let a drop of moisture go through it, it is absolutely waterproof.

You need never have shrunken bedraggled skirts when it is used

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"This wheel goes ahead, not A-tern."

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NOTICE

A general meeting of the shareholders of the Shepard Publishing Co., Ltd., will be held at the offices of the Company, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18TH, at 4 o'clock p.m., when the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.
R. BUTCHART, Sec.-Treas.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CAULDWELL—Feb. 26, Mrs. William Cauldwell—a daughter.
CLOUSE—March 5, Mrs. E. Clouse—a son.
SPENCER—March 5, Mrs. Bertram Spencer—a daughter.
COUCH—March 6, Mrs. Alfred C. Couch—a son.
WICKHAM—March 4, Mrs. William Wickham—a son.
LAING—March 1, Mrs. Frederick Laing—a daughter.
LAIDLAW—March 1, Mrs. J. W. Laidlaw—a daughter.
MACDONELL—March 3, Mrs. Arch. C. Macdonell—a son.
PORRITT—March 3, Mrs. Frederick R. Porritt—a daughter.
CROSSLEY—March 9, Mrs. J. Whiting Crossley—a daughter.
WALKER—March 8, Mrs. A. H. Walker—a son.
CROWTHER—March 11, Mrs. Wm. Crowther—a son.

Marriages.

ARMITAGE—RENNIE—Jan. 1, Alfred Armitage to Eliza C. Rennie.
THOMPSON—SIDNEY—Feb. 8, Percy W. Thompson to Fanny Sidney.
TELFER—LIFE—March 4, Thomas Telfer to Martha A. Life.

Deaths.

BALDWIN—Hamilton, March 3, Ridley W. Baldwin, aged 2.
DOUGLAS—Bradford, Feb. 28, Anne Douglas, aged 75.
GRAHAM—March 7, Anne Graham, aged 92.
OVENS—March 4, Eliza Owens.
KING—March 7, Dr. J. A. King, aged 30.
WATSON—March 5, Wm. Elliott Watson, aged 35.
BONIS—Feb. 28, Robert Bonis, aged 70.
CANNIFF—March 6, Julia Canniff, aged 55.
DALEY—March 6, Johanna Daley.
MASON—March 6, Harold V. Mason, aged 16.
PHERILL—March 5, David Pherill, aged 71.
ROSS—March 6, Mary Ross.
WATT—March 5, Robert L. Watt.
EDINGTON—March 6, Thos. A. Edington, aged 66.
ROBINSON—March 7, Lady Elizabeth Robinson, aged 73.

DR. G. L. BALL

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Residence, 84 Bedford Rd. Tel. 4067. Hours, 8-10 p.m.

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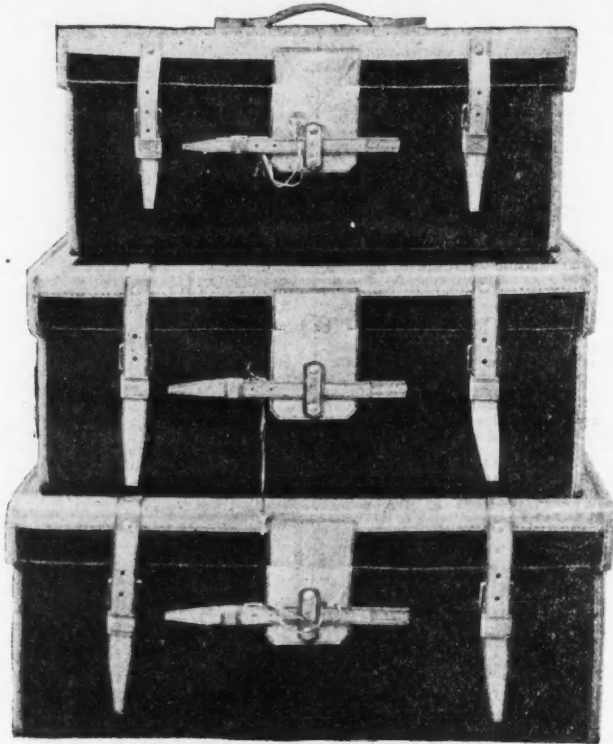
and following days.

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The house is not what it was.

Dad says it has the old home-like tone to it now its been remodeled and fitted throughout with

SAFFORD Patent Radiators

These Radiators are perfect
beyond criticism

Any Style
Any Size

Any Weight
Any Shape

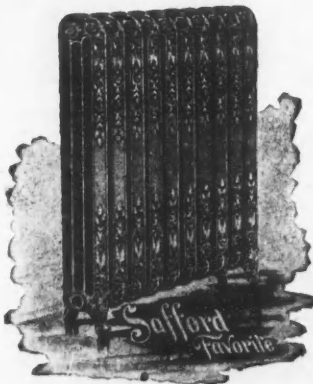
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